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TAKE a d-e-e-p BREATH

By MARGOT NEVILLE

The revolt of a slave to the "daily dozen"

Sisters, fellow slaves, arise!

Companions of the treadmill, throw off those chains! Rally to the standard of revolt!!

Come right out into the open and announce boldly:

We will NOT do those "simple" morning exercises any more!

ARE they so simple?

Is it simple to lie on your shoulder blades and plant your feet nonchalantly on the floor behind your head, breathing rhythmically the while?

Or to ride an imaginary bicycle upside down in mid-air?

For whom is it simple?

A six-weeks-old kitten, perhaps, or the Boneless Wonder at the circus.

Yet those are just two of the exercises they tell us to do if we want to burn up adipose tissue or get rid of those "unwanted inches."

Unwanted? Unwanted by whom, I'd like to know!

There are countries in the world, let me tell them—Borneo or Siam or somewhere—where a man's ideal of feminine beauty is a woman so fat that she spreads over on to three chairs.

And, personally, I'd rather go right away to one of those countries where my inches would be wanted than to have to get rid of them by spending the rest of my life imitating a



IS IT simple to ride an imaginary bicycle upside down in mid-air?

serpent—woman's first enemy and tempter—for "five minutes daily before an open window."

The truth is that those "Few Simple Exercises," that "Daily Dozen," those "Benders and Stretches"—or whatever term is used to try and disguise their horror—can cast a blight not only over the five

minutes before an open window described in the instructions, but over the whole twenty-four hours.

And who can wonder at that?

For they don't ask us to perform this task before lunch, or before dinner, when we might have worked up a bit of will and energy by coping with life in general.

No, these exercise Bends demand that we should get right out of bed and turn ourselves into human snakes while we're still blissfully dreaming that we've just been handed the million-dollar prize for capturing Hitler!

Well, that's just where they've gone too far and defeated their own ends.

Because anyone who knows anything about the early morning knows fine well that the only thing we're likely to make a habit of at that hour, and keep on doing day after day, is to sit up in bed and drink a cup of tea with one eye open, while with the other we pretend we're going right back to sleep again.

But are we? That's the trouble.

Once you get even one eye open your Better Nature is certain to step in and hover round offensively, egging you on to get up and do them.

And for sheer maddening self-righteousness I'll back your Better Nature in the hopeless dawn of 8 a.m.

"Now, dear," says your Better Nature brightly, "I thought you said you were going to do your exercises in the mornings."

"Can't. Too tired!" you mutter, pulling the bedclothes up around your neck.

"They only take five minutes you know."

"Don't care if they do."

"Oh, well, dear, if you PREFER to get that middle-aged spread . . .!"

"It's a lie! I'm not putting on weight."

"So you say! What do the scales say?"

"I won't do them! I'll diet instead."

"Oh, that's a good one! We've heard that before. You had three crumpets for tea only yesterday. Three! Dripping with butter!"

Now that's the sort of thing your Better Nature says!

Who else would think of raking up those three paltry little crumpets?

"Oh, leave me alone! Get out of here! Scram!" you snarl, reaching for a cigarette.

This so shocks your Better Nature that she disappears with a faint moan.

But how can anyone get to sleep again after a conversation like that?

And the maddening part of it is she's right. What about that frock we've got to try on next week?

That frock needs a slim waistline if ever a frock did!

And we're not in Borneo, anyhow; and, whatever the men fancy out there, it's pretty obvious that the male taste here runs to the eight-stone-nothing figure—and none of that round the waist.

Well, here goes then. One, two, breathe in. Three, four, breathe out. Place the hands on the hips and bend slowly from the waist.

Really, I do think women ought to be ashamed of themselves if they won't get up and do a few simple exercises in the morning!

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



AIR VICE-MARSHAL S. J. GOBLE

Likes hard work. AIR VICE-MARSHAL S. J. GOBLE, recently appointed air liaison officer for Australia to the Empire Air Scheme in Canada, likes hard work. The more he has to do in Canada the happier he'll be. He will precede first trainees by several weeks to supervise arrangements.

An Australian, he served with the R.A.F. in the last war.



MISS NANCY STUMM

Holder of new post.

"I AM thrilled to have the job," says pretty Miss Nancy Stumm, newly-appointed assistant secretary to the Prime Minister, a post created to meet Mr. Menzies' increasing work because of the war. Nancy, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stumm, of Brisbane, is 22. Has just graduated at Queensland University.



MR. W. I. B. BEVERIDGE

Footrot conqueror.

YOUNG Sydney veterinary scientist Mr. W. I. B. Beveridge has discovered the cause of footrot in sheep, and an inexpensive way of controlling it. His discovery, considered "of inestimable value to the pastoral industry" by scientists and pastoralists, has won him his doctorate of veterinary science at Sydney University.

He returned recently from the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, America.

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Illustrated
by
FISCHER

At WAR with TROUBLE

Complete
Short
Story



IT was raining; he was driving and he hadn't slept. Because he was a doctor and worked for almost nothing he was in demand, he was needed, he gave, and it was like throwing his life into a hole, into a pit without bottom.

The cotton mills were closed, but the paper mill was still running. There was malnutrition in town, sickness and trouble. Everybody called for the doctor and nobody paid, but everybody would begin to pay when the mills opened up again.

To-night the doctor was tired out. It was a long way home and there was no one to get back to when he got there. Young Doctor Preston he was, at war single-handed with trouble and stuck with it.

He dozed at the wheel, came awake, straightened up, fell away for an instant from reality, came into it again. The rain came down. Here was the town, the old white church with the clock on it. One-twenty a.m. His car knew all this by heart, his own street, tree-shaded. Nobody ever out at this time of night. No need to look. He dozed.

What was that? A jar. A scream. He had hit something. It was back there in the road—lying. He couldn't see for the rain.

"Are you hurt?" he called out crazily as he ran back. "Have I killed you?"

No answer. Just a bundle there in the road. He picked up a hat, a bag—a woman's. He reached her, turned her over. She was light. Young. A girl. He found her pulse—beating. When he ran his hand over her face, she opened her eyes.

"Don't ask where you are," he said rapidly.

"I know. I'm lying on my back," she said. "The doctor's street. I've been run over by a car."

"Not run over," he said. "Struck. Knocked aside." His hands went over her head, her legs, her arms.

"Left," she said, "higher up. Must you be rough?"

"Shoulder," he said briefly. "Arm, ribs—a glancing blow. Fortunately I drive a light car. I'm poor. I'm not being rough," he said. "I'm the doctor. You're not killed. You, know. Don't feel so sorry for yourself. You've got a cut on your head where you hit the road. Yes, it's bleeding. You're bruised, shaken up badly. You'll be black and blue."

"I don't want to be black and blue. I don't want to be struck—knocked aside. I don't want a cut on my head. It hurts."

"You're lucky," he said.

"I don't like you," she said. "I despise men who get drunk and run down innocent people."

"I was asleep," he said.

"That's worse," she said. "That's

deliberate. It's careless. It's criminal."

"Shut up," he said. "Did you look where you were going? I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

"Never mind where I live. Call a taxi," she said.

"Nonsense," he said. "I don't care where you live and you needn't care. I don't expect palaces from anyone. I've worked in and out of every place in this town. I can't take you to a hospital, because there isn't any. Get set. This may hurt a bit. I lift you—I carry you to the car. I drive you to my place and I fix you up."

"You can't," she told him. "I won't let you."

"Don't go feminine on me," he told her. "Just shut your teeth and show me whether you can take it."

"I don't want to show you. I don't care anything about you."

"Fine. Neither do I. So—come along, comrade."

HE sat her up in his car, but she couldn't sit up. She slumped down away from him. Since he couldn't have her falling out of the car, he pulled her over as gently as he could and propped her up against him, with an arm around her shoulders. Her head sank down against him. He drove with one hand. There was scent on her hair. She was limp, like a doll. He loathed perfume. Give him, in women, cleanliness from a good, antiseptic soap, straight hair, health and strength. He pulled himself up straight to get away from her, but she was there against him just the same. She made him a little dizzy, sleepy again, and he couldn't have that.

Just up the block and in—but it seemed long to him. He was glad to get her out of the car. He carried her up the short path to his door. His small brass sign—J. C. Preston, M.D.—glittered. Among the branches of the maple there was a hanging light in the street, which brought out his sign at night and pointed it out. That was a source of satisfaction to him. He had worked for that sign.

His house was a cottage, painted white. Originally it had had three rooms—a big one, a little one, and a kitchen—but he had built on a good, white-tiled bathroom and his

office. What money he could spare went into equipment for his office—the best, the latest.

He did not take her into his office. Besides his table for operating, his white cabinet with the glass shelves, his desk and two chairs, he had only an old, black-leather couch in his office. This couch was slippery and cold, so he carried her into his bedroom, and laid her down on his bed. When he snapped on the high light he really saw her for the first time and he stood motionless for a moment, leaning over her, looking.

She wasn't a mill girl. He could tell that by her hands. Her clothes were anybody's clothes—a skirt, a blouse that fitted snugly at the waist. One of her shoes was scuffed. He noticed that they were good shoes—expensive. But her face and her hair were entirely incredible to him in this place, against his own coarse pillowcase—her face so flawless in texture, so perfect in modelling, and never in his life had he felt promise until he looked at her mouth. When she stirred, he drew back and

needed. When he came back she was trying to sit up, to go.

"How can I know you're a good doctor?" she asked.

"How can you know? Because I am," he said. "I'm the best doctor in quite a few towns. You can tell that simply by looking at me, can't you?"

"Oh—looks," she said. She waved her hand, disposing of his looks. "We—I go to Doctor Charteris."

"Doctor Charteris," he said, "is now asleep in his bed. This case is not serious enough or important enough to wake him."

His mouth went down at one corner at the mention of Doctor Charteris, but he said nothing more. Doctor Charteris specialised in high-class, expensive ailments, chiefly among the summer people, the estate people—neuroses, diets, reductions, depressions. Give him an amputa-

"Are you hurt?" he called out crazily as he saw the figure on the road.

eyes, clenched her hands; beads came out on her forehead. He watched. Then she was over—flat—face hidden against his pillow, limp, soundless.

"I'll be quick," he said then, with some respect. "This will sting—but no stitches."

Silence. She was stiff, tense, lying there. He worked fast. Not a sound out of her. Fine. So far, so good. He liked a sensitive patient, with pluck. He detested women who sobbed on his shoulder and hung on to his hand. When he had finished, without words he lifted her up and set her upright against his pillow. She was light to lift, easy to hold. He noticed that fact and dismissed it.

"If this thing has to come off over your head, I'd better cut it," he said.

"But it's new," she objected. "It's the only little French hand-made waist I've got."

"Until I see that shoulder—" he began.

"Oh!" she said. "You wear me out. You've got to have everything your way. Cut the waist and get this over with. I can't wait to get away from you."

She opened her eyes. He was very near. Her uplifted grey look plunged into him. This was unexpected to them both. There was shock and instant withdrawal. She shut her eyes. Neither of them moved. Then with sharp scissors he slit up the waist.

"It's torn at the shoulder, anyway," he said, almost with apology.

After he had fixed her up he made her rest. He covered her up with his blanket and turned off the light. Then he went out and stood on his doorstep and had, since the accident, his first cigarette. He noticed, as he lighted the cigarette, that his hand was unsteady.

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By L. KENNEDY MABIE

snapped off the high light, turning on the reading light beside the bed.

"How does this little thing come off?" he asked impersonally. "Unbutton?"

"No—over my head. . . . Oh, my head!" She put up her hand to touch her head. "It's bleeding," she said.

He wiped her finger-tips with his handkerchief, methodically, deliberately. "Suppose you let me attend to this case," he said.

"Blood on your pillow," she said. "Everything so clean." She sighed. She looked around the room. Her eyes were wide apart, slate-grey, observant. Her hair was light brown, her eyebrows and eyelashes dark brown. Nothing about her infringed. Everything blended together.

"Lie still. Don't be tense. I'll get my stuff," he said coldly.

In his office he was deliberate. With care he collected what he

tion to do on the floor of a mill and he would faint.

"So you live in town," he said casually to his patient, "Turn over."

"I used to live here. I've been away for years. Don't cut my hair," she begged. "Please. Don't take stitches in me."

He grinned. "Women usually have courage," he said. He thought little of her in spite of her effect on him. Such effects were natural and unimportant, just biological. She'd have to have more than that really to bother him. As far as it went now, he'd forget her in a week. "Flat on your stomach, please," he said pleasantly. "Over. Perhaps I'd better help you."

"No—I'll make it. Just let me alone."

He stood back. He knew that everything about her hurt and sang out against effort, but if she wanted to try—O.K. Let her. She shut her

HOME is the HERO

Complete short story
by
EDMUND WARE

GLANCING at his reflection in the rear-view mirror, en route from Montreal to his home in Northerst, Massachusetts, William Edward Crane congratulated himself on his sun-bronzed appearance.

It would have occurred to no one, least of all William Edward Crane, that an influenza germ could exist within a rod of him. Bill attributed his occasional sneezing to dust on a detour. He had completely forgotten the two wet days on Chancery Portage, and the ducking in the Manuan rapids.

He took another admiring glance at his image. What twelve days on the Peribonka River couldn't do to a man, he thought! Delighted with himself, and with the fact that he was nearing home, he exclaimed: "By God!"—and instantly reproved himself. You had to watch your language for a while after a fishing trip. Anything got by with Smoky Joe Patch and the guide, but it was different around home, with Marge and the children.

Bill Crane was the sort of fisherman who brought home fish. In an odorless and oozing crate in the rear deck of his car were two salmon and a dozen brook trout—all suffering for want of ice. As he thought of the fish, Bill's self-approbation fattened. Then he prickled in the puer gladness of homecoming.

He was thinking of his wife, Marge; his children, Sylvia and Ned; and of the baby, Henry. They would adore and admire him. They would be waiting open-armed at the door to welcome him and his hard-won catch. Even the year-old Henry would rise in his crib, tottering with joyous recognition.

Longing in his happiness for music, Bill Crane turned on the car radio. In a booming voice he almost drowned out an electrically transcribed "Danny Deever." Seldom is the husband of a musically educated wife blessed with such an opportunity. Gosh, wondered William Edward Crane, when he and a famous baritone had ended their duet, why is it Marge thinks I can't sing? He wished she could hear him now: "Oh, they're hanging Danny De-e-e-vee in the mo-o-o-rning!" Bill sensed that he was in splendid voice, and that the hanging was successful, even without the gramophone artist's support.

AN announcer broke in with some information about National Melon Week, and Bill presently learned that the broadcast came from the State Agricultural College, less than thirty miles from home! If all went well he would roll into Northerst shortly after four that afternoon.

He settled seriously to his driving. Marge and the children were going to have the surprise of their lives!

In this prediction, the homecoming father was dead accurate.

Marge Crane did not expect her husband until Sunday, and this was Wednesday. Marge was the sort of household manager who moves precisely according to plan. Ordinarily she ran the house so smoothly that no one realised it was being run at all. But, in Bill's absence, Marge had given the regular maid-of-all-work her annual two weeks off. The maid would not return until Saturday.

Meanwhile, for a fill-in, Marge had engaged a strenuous woman named Mrs. Furnace, who had been recommended by the superintendent of the local Detention Home. Mrs. Furnace had been detained in the Home for three months for wilful neglect, but was now square with the State and her own erratic conscience. With Margery Crane supervising, there could be no wilful neglect in the Crane home.

Besides, Marge was a believer in a second chance for women. Men needed an unlimited number of chances, but women were entitled to at least two. Marge was willing, therefore, to put up with Mrs. Furnace's curious manners and habits of speech for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Furnace washed and cleaned like a perfect whiz, and Bill, bless his heart, couldn't disapprove the woman's cultural defects while he was fishing in northern Quebec.

By Wednesday of the second week of Mrs. Furnace's incumbency, Marge understood her perfectly. An appallingly low intelligence she might have. Slangy and much too informal she might be. But dependable she surely was, even if over-zealous to prove it.

On Wednesday afternoon, with some hesitation, Marge Crane decided it was safe to leave the house for two hours in Mrs. Furnace's care. Sylvia, the eight-year-old, was on a picnic with a neighbor's children. Ned, the twelve-year-old, was at camp. And baby Henry was virtually self-sufficient in his pen in the sunny backyard, surrounded by plant toys depicting Popeye, Snow White, Grumpy, Sleepy, and Sneezy.

"Mrs. Furnace, I'm going to leave things in your care. I'm going to a piano recital at Fernwood Hall, and I'll be back before five."

"Okay—sure," smiled Mrs. Furnace, thrilled at this first evidence of complete trust.

"I want you to keep a very watchful eye on baby Henry."

"You bet, lady. When I watch 'em, they stay watched. Go ahead an' have yourself a time."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Furnace."

"That's all right, lady. Just you rest easy. Nothin' won't happen to your young-un with Flo Furnace on the job."

At five minutes past three Marge departed, anticipating the supreme pleasure of Bach, played as Bach should be played, by a brilliant young soloist from the Smith College summer school.

At twelve minutes past four, as the pianist began the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, William Edward Crane stopped his car on the halloved blue pebbles of his own driveway. Home at last!

For an instant Bill's head felt dancery in the shimmer of late August heat waves. He was struck with the profound contrast between home and the wild, dark lands he had left three days ago. It seemed unbelievable that the eyes of a single individual, himself, should have looked upon both savagery and civilisation within so brief a time.

Then, at the end of the driveway, on the lawn, he spied his son. Little Henry had heard the car and risen, rubber-legged, in his pen.

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Looking up he saw a menacing figure carrying an iron in each hand.

"Most poignant war scene I have ever witnessed"

War correspondent tells how Poilu saved motherless child

By RONALD MONSON, The Australian Women's Weekly War Correspondent

Of all the refugee stories the most poignant is the one I saw enacted at a south-east port when Mrs. Anthony Eden took charge of a pathetic little seven-year-old French girl.

Her parents had been killed by the Germans. A French soldier brought her to England from Flanders, where her mother had been killed.

I STOOD on the quayside, watching the medley of shell-scarred destroyers, pleasure steamers, and tugboats with decks crammed with Tommies and poilus steaming into this port just after dawn.

I noticed aboard one destroyer a poilu carrying a seven-year-old girl in his arms.

As the gangplank was lowered other soldiers made way for him. Unshaven and war-stained, he stumbled down the gangway clasping the sobbing child.

As he reached the quayside Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the War Minister, working in the Salvation Army canteen, went out to meet him.

She was accompanied by Mrs. Holmes Walker, a fluent French speaker.

They tried to take the child, but she only rebuffed her cries.

Finally after much persuasion she was pacified sufficiently to allow Mrs. Holmes Walker to take her, and the girl told his story, which Mrs. Holmes Walker translated:

"We were holding a little wood just beyond Dunkirk," he said.

"It was then being subjected to violent artillery and air bombing attacks.

Rushed into wood

I SAW the mother rush into the wood with this child.

"She put her down near me, and I heard her tell the child to stay quietly there, while she went to fetch Grandamma and the two little sisters.

"Later I saw the mother, grandmother, and two little girls returning.

"They had almost reached the shelter of the wood, when a shell burst killing all four of them in full view of this little one.

"She jumped up and ran screaming towards where they were lying, but I succeeded in catching her . . .

"She has been crying ever since, and I can't pacify her.

"We made our way down to the beach, and lay there under a hail of shellfire, until finally came our turn to board the destroyer."

As he finished talking, the poilu patted the now pacified child on

her tumbled head, rejoined his unit and marched off towards the train.

Mrs. Eden and Mrs. Holmes Walker took the little girl away to care for her.

This was just another of the jobs these women are doing, working day and night.

I have watched them standing beside mobile kitchens of the Y.M.C.A. or Salvation Army Units, handing out hot tea, sandwiches, and New Zealand apples to hungry, thirsty, war-stained Tommies and poilus.

I have seen them "scrounge" caps, coats, and blankets to help clothe half-naked men who had been in the water for hours under a hail of bullets and bombs.

Magnificent work

THE women of England played a magnificent part at this English quayside, which was barely an hour away from that roaring inferno, whose flames lit the night sky across the Channel.

Women, too, were playing their part, right within that zone, as nurses took their chance with the men they were succoring.

To the Naals the Red Cross, a world-wide symbol of mercy, is merely another mark for concentrated attack.

I spoke to three unwounded nurses, survivors of the hospital ship Paris.

They were already in the hospital train, wearing pyjamas several times too large as their own clothing was still soaking wet.

"We had been four times into Dunkirk, and brought out 720 wounded, including some wounded German prisoners," said one of the nurses.

"None of us had been hit, but this last time, about 2 o'clock, we were nearing Dunkirk when three German dive bombers came over.

"I looked up and saw they were heading for us.

"Then they dived, one after another.

"As the first came down, shooting at our decks, I stood hypnotised.

"I stared at it for what seemed like minutes.

"I seemed unable to move.

"Then when it was about 150 feet above us it let fly with bombs.

"They fell into the water.

"A second plane then came on diving at us. I held my breath waiting for the bombs.

"One struck us amidships with a terrible crash.

"The ship staggered, and I was thrown violently off my feet.

"Clouds of steam billowed up from the centre of the ship, and then the

third bomber dived.

"There was another fearful crash as the bomb hit us.

"I scrambled to my feet.

"Our captain ordered the boats to be lowered, and the nurses climbed into our boat.

"Just as our crew was lowering it, another bomb struck one of our davits, upending the boat and throwing us all into the water.

"The matron was badly wounded, and two other nurses were hit, though not seriously.

"Our cabin boy—a nice kid—was killed.

"The crew of another ship dragged us from the sea with the aid of ropes, and took us on to the destroyer, which landed us here.

"Nice fellows, these Germans," said the nurse quietly.

"While our boat was pulling away from the Paris, seven Messerschmitts came over machine-gunning us, but their aim was bad.

"We have heard that another hospital ship was also bombed but not hit.

"One of the nurses on her is Nurse Baxter, who is an Australian."

Lady Amy Blane, the honorary secretary of the Y.M.C.A. mobile units in France, whose husband was killed at Jutland, was another indefatigable worker at the quayside.

I saw her from dawn to dark. Among the jobs she has done this week were bandaging wounded, finding dry clothes for the shipwrecked, writing letters home for wounded men, cooking meals for the crew of a destroyer whose cook had been killed, and cutting sandwiches.

I have never seen so many sandwiches in all my life, but they were a comfort to many stray refugees.

Thus the women of England CARRY ON.



THE POILU staggered down the gangway with the child he had rescued after its mother had been killed.



Illustrated by
JOHN SANTRY

POILUS ADOPTED BY THE ENGLISH

From RONALD MONSON

THE daring and dash of the French soldiers have won all hearts in England—women of a south coast town have adopted the poilus. Eight hundred housewives have turned themselves into laundresses, washing clothes for the Frenchmen. The poilus, gallant as ever, pay compliments to their "batmen" and conversations are carried on in halting French. Another team of women repair uniforms, and a group of girls have organised themselves as sock darners, while their young brothers clean boots, run messages, and post letters for the soldiers.



LIPS MEN DREAM ABOUT
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Men thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They hate harsh, greasy, painted lips!

Tangee is the lipstick that can't give a painted look. It isn't paint! Orange in the stick, Tangee magically changes color on your lips to blush-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical. Made with a special cream base Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer.

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The World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Big family man joins the A.I.F.

Signaller Harold Dunlop will fight for his ten little Australians

One of the biggest family men in the A.I.F. is Signaller Harold Charles Dunlop. He will leave behind him a wife and ten children, the eldest of them twelve years old.

The Dunlops live in a two-story, five-roomed house in Marrickville.

The house seems to bulge with children. The baby's cot is on the upstairs balcony, there is an extra bed in the little front sitting-room, and the children run in and out the front door and the back.

THE Dunlop children are accustomed to seeing their father in uniform as he was in the militia for three years.

When the family is unruly Mrs. Dunlop calls on her husband to restore order.

He calls them to attention with a military air, and the children respond like nearly, but not quite, disciplined soldiers.

Pretty and youthful looking, Mrs. Dunlop has changed very little in the thirteen years since her wedding photograph was taken in her pink wedding dress with an armful of arum lilies. The picture hangs in the front room.

"It's pretty hard for a mother with a large family to let her husband go to the war," she said. "But when they feel they should go a wife should not stop them."

"Victor, our eldest boy—he's twelve years old—will have to be the father of the family while Harry's away."

"He's a very good boy. He gets up when I do at six o'clock, lights the fire and cooks the porridge for me. I have to teach the children to help me round the house as they grow up."

The Dunlop family will be 45/- better off now that their father is in the A.I.F.

In civilian life he was a laborer

but had been out of work. A man with wife and ten children receives 45/6 a week unemployment relief and 45/- a week child endowment.

While in Australia Signaller Dunlop's pay and allowances amount to £6/6/- a week. Of this he keeps £1/15/- and £4/11/- goes to his family. They will continue to receive the child endowment allowance.

Mrs. Dunlop will miss her husband's help at home.

"He's a very good cook," she said, "If I am doing the washing he will put the dinner on. Or if I'm busy cooking he will do the washing."

On his first leave since enlisting, Signaller Dunlop cooked Sunday dinner—roast lamb, roast potatoes and spinach.

"We have to buy about five loaves of bread a day," said Mrs. Dunlop. "It's a struggle to feed and clothe them all, but I give them plenty of soup and vegetables."

"We haven't many clothes, so I have to do a big wash three times a week."

Mrs. Dunlop has a sewing-machine on which she makes their clothes when she can afford materials.

Learning to knit

"I WASN'T able to make any while Harry was out of work, though," she said, "but there was plenty to do renovating and patching what clothes we had."

The two eldest girls, Gloria, aged ten, and Hilda, aged eight, are learning to knit now their father has enlisted.

All the children have inherited their mother's fine black eyes and her dimples.

They are a happy, noisy little army. They have very few toys, but there are enough of them to make their own fun.

They call their parents "Hilda" and "Harry."

The six older children go to the State school next door to their home and a seventh will start school shortly.

"I'll only have three at home then," said Mrs. Dunlop, "so it will seem quite a rest."

Mrs. Dunlop cooks on a small wood stove and also a gas stove, and finds time to cook a batch of scones when she has visitors.

Descendant of pioneer

SIGNALLER H. C. DUNLOP is aged 38 and was born in Bendigo.

His family was associated with that town in the days of the gold rush. One of Digger Dunlop's relatives, Harold Jeal, is said to be the first white man born at Golden Square, Bendigo.

Mrs. Dunlop was born at Campsie and has lived in Sydney all her life.

"I feed the baby first in the morning, then get the six ready for school before the younger ones and I have our breakfast."

"We have dinner in two sittings, as we haven't enough chairs or table room to all eat together."

"They're all in bed by 6.30 at night. When they were all quiet I used to play dominoes with Harry in the evenings."

There are five boys and five girls in the family: Victor 12, Norman 11, Gloria 10, Hilda 8, June 7, Robert 6, Patricia 5, Donald 4, John 2, and Shirley, the baby, aged 6½ months.

Shirley's photograph has been entered for the Marrickville Baby Show.

Since Mr. Dunlop enlisted Mrs. Dunlop has received many offers of help from people interested in her large family, and there has been a stream of relations calling to wish her husband luck.

With the camaraderie of working people her neighbors have rallied round, helping her to cook meals and mind the younger children.

Large families are a tradition in both Mrs. Dunlop's family and her husband's.

Mrs. Dunlop was the third eldest of nine children and her husband the eldest of a family of six.

It's women of my age who appreciate a good corset

Slim youngsters may take the blessings of corsetry very much for granted. But when the unforgiving years have added pounds here and inches there, the value of a Berlei becomes self-evident.

Berlei foundations for the mature woman are designed true-to-type, which means, of course, designed expressly for her individual figure. These clever Berleis gently support sagging muscles, control the curves that need discipline. By re-distributing weight they improve posture and line. They're 'stayers,' too—keep up the good work month after month.

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Take years off your figure with a

Berlei

The Foundation of Beauty

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ROLL CALL of the Dunlop army—Left to right: June 7, Hilda 8, Gloria 10, Norman 11, Victor 12, Signaller Dunlop. Front Row: John 2, Donald 4, Patricia 5, Robert 6, Mrs. Dunlop and Shirley, 8½ months.



GLORIA AND HILDA sit on their father's knee to practise their knitting. They both want to make scarves and socks later on.

A JOB FOR JILL

Complete
Short Story

By
JANE BIRD

BUILDING up a business of her own had given Jill a thrilling five years. When she had been trained in kennel management, her parents had advanced enough money to buy a small cottage and a large field a mile outside the cathedral town where they lived.

It was a promising opening, because the town was a stronghold of the Church, the Army, and the School. Large numbers of them possessed dogs and wanted to board them out when they went away for holidays. Also there seemed no limit to the demand in the town for the treatment of minor ailments.

Soon Jill was buying more fields, extending into a quadrangle of wooden huts, and engaging a staff. By now the Cave Boarding Kennels were well known in the district and could take about fifty dogs.

Jill's rapid success was not only due to efficiency and luck. She had the gift of inspiring confidence. She was shrewd and observant, and she seemed to have a natural flair for handling both dogs and owners.

Jill was twenty-five, and she pictured herself as a confirmed spinster, a business woman content to be settled where she was for life. Like most pictures of oneself, the truth of this was open to question. She had started with a theory that a competent girl, keen on a job, was sure to be shunned by the opposite sex. In this she had soon been proved wrong.

Several men had asked her to marry them. She had turned them all down, resenting the suggestion that she should give up her work for them, but at the same time rather regretting that they could never give her even a faint thrill. Now her business had grown so much that she had little time for friends. She told herself she had no place in her life for falling in love. She was in love with her work. Dogs would always hold all her interest and absorb all her energy.

ONE part of this picture of herself Jill left out altogether. She was quite remarkably attractive. She had flaming red hair, which she wore low on her neck, her brown eyes were lively with humor and her straight nose was deplorably freckled.

Wearing breeches, riding boots, and a bright green shirt, Jill was making her morning tour of the kennels before taking some of the dogs out to exercise across the fields. It was May and she had a lot to do.

She came to the cage of a friendly young Scottie, who had been boarding with her for three weeks. For some odd reason, she had to admit that the sight of this dog always made her think of his master. He was a man about her own age called Kenneth Hebburn. Tall, lean, and brown, wearing a tweed coat and flannel trousers, she had put him down as probably Army. He had given a bank as an address, if anything should happen to his dog while he was away, and that was all she knew about him.

After he had made the arrangements that day, he seemed to want to stay and talk to Jill. She was quite used to that and had various means of speeding the departure of lingering owners. But none of her usual subtle schemes had worked with this man. He just stayed and talked. And for some reason Jill soon found she really didn't mind. He was good company. He had merry blue eyes and a certain frank audacity that Jill rather liked. His talk about dogs had been sensible, neither sloppy nor over-sporting. She had also been flattered by his interest in her business. He seemed impressed by its extent and management.

He was coming back to fetch his

dog to-day, and Jill was quite looking forward to a talk with him again. But when he drove up in a small two-seater, late in the afternoon, she saw that he had a girl with him. Jill surveyed them unseen as they walked towards her. The girl was slim and dark-eyed, exquisite, and wearing lovely clothes. She must be a product of a charm school, thought Jill, a graduate in glamor.

Kenneth introduced his friend as Mrs. Rimington. He called her Adeline, and told Jill how they had met on a Greek cruise and then discovered that she lived only five miles outside this same town, where he worked.

"Not Army then," thought Jill. "Could we see round the kennels, Miss Cave?" Adeline asked. "I should so love to see them. Kenneth thinks they are marvellous."

Jill was busy, so she took them round rather quickly, and restored the ecstatic Scottie, Angus, to his owner. At the same time she was trying to discover why anything as lovely and clinging as Adeline should give her the creeps. Jill was thankful that Kenneth showed no signs of wanting to linger this time. Not expecting to see him again, at any rate for months, Jill tried to put him right out of her mind.

A few days later Kenneth brought his Scottie back again, saying that

he wanted to consult Jill about his feeding. He explained that Angus was suffering from skin irritation, and had a wart on his tail.

Jill examined the dog carefully. Then she looked Kenneth straight in the eye.

"I can't find any trace of either," she said. "But I'm not a vet. We have a man who comes once a week or when needed. Would you like his name?"

"Not a bit. I think the truth is that Angus is fretting for your company. We wondered whether you would come out with us one afternoon? Drive somewhere you know, and then walk?"

"I'm much too busy in the summer to take an afternoon off," said Jill.

"I can't wait till the winter. Well, then, couldn't you come to the pictures one evening?"

"I should just fall asleep. I start the day at 6 a.m., and I'm on my

legs all the time. By about nine in the evening I'm ready to curl up."

"Couldn't I come in and see you one evening? I should be most grateful. I wouldn't even make any washing up. I could just bring a sausage roll and a bottle of beer, and have it in the hay, if only you will let me talk to you for half an hour. What about to-morrow?"

"I've promised to go home and see my people."

"Couldn't I come with you? Do you live near here? Are you Army, Church, School, or Trade?"

"You've got some cheek, haven't you?"

"Any amount."

Jill tried to change the subject, but he persisted, and in the end Jill agreed that he should come to supper at her cottage a few days later.

That evening, Jill thought he talked far too much about Adeline.



Illustrated by
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

Jill observed them unseen as they walked towards her.

and could not be led away from the subject. It was of no interest to Jill to hear that poor little Adeline had been unhappily married for two years to a man who was farming some way out on the other side of the town. She herself had designed dresses in London before she was married. She had fallen romantically in love when down here with friends for a holiday. But Adeline was artistic and fastidious, with no interest whatever in the life of the farm. She hadn't realised what it would mean. And now her husband was consistently rude to her, he hardly ever spoke, and spent the evenings immersed in farming papers. She really had a very bad time and the cruise had been a brief escape.

"Then why did she marry the man?" Jill asked.

"Oh, well—people are often different on a holiday to what they are in their everyday life job," said Kenneth. "Don't you think it would be awful to find yourself married to someone with no tastes in common at all?"

Please turn to Page 42

At War with Trouble

Continued from Page 3

"I'm not asleep," she called. "Where are you? What are you doing?"

"Standing in the doorway," "There's a frightful draught."

He came in after a while and closed the door.

"When you've had some sleep, I'll drive you home."

"Thanks," she said.

He came nearer. He touched her forehead with the back of his hand. He found her pulse. Leaning over, he looked down at her eyes. They were closed. He was shut out. It was over.

He lighted a fire in the living-room and lay down on the couch. Sleepy as he was he couldn't sleep. He wondered who she was and why she had said "the doctor's street." He was the only doctor in this neighborhood.

When he opened his eyes she was standing in the doorway. She had pinned the dark blue blouse around her, but her strapped-up shoulder was bare.

"Who made this room?" she said. "It's good."

"I made it," he said.

"Your wife must have helped."

"If I had a wife, she'd be here," he said. "How do you feel?"

"Terrible," she said. "Hungry, too."

"How long since you've eaten?"

"I had dinner with—"

"Never mind who," he interrupted crisply. "What?" he asked.

"Soup, for one thing. It was at a club somewhere—polished floors, empty—"

"The country club. I do not belong," he said with dignity.

"It was a—business dinner. We were talking."

"A party?"

"No. Just two."

"I see," he said. "Lie down here and I'll cover you up."

"I'm all right."

"Lie down!" he said.

After he had her arranged, covered with the rug, he went into his kitchen and set a tray for her. He made her coffee and toast. He cut an orange in two for her. He put a square of butter on a plate. He found an old, immaculate damask napkin for her which had been hemmed by hand. As a boy he had watched his mother hemming napkins in the evenings across the table as he studied. Fine sewing she had done for the rich people in town—the Danes, the Winslows. That's what his mother had done.

When he came in with his tray the girl got up from the couch, pushing the rug impatiently away. He was watching her closely. He set down the tray.

"This is—kind," she said, and pitched forward.

"That's right," he said savagely as he caught her. "Now hit your head against the fender. Get a concussion. Break your hip. Knock over the table and spill the coffee. Who gave you permission to get up and come in here?" He was so angry he shook her. Her poor head bobbed back and forth. "Do you suppose I care whether you're dressed or not? Do you suppose I notice? Wearing yourself out finding pins! What an incredible little fool of a pride!" He held her away to look down at her face. Closed eyes. Parted lips. Oh, she was sweet—but more than sweet.

She put up one hand against him. She turned her face away.

"So you know what's coming to us, don't you?" he said. "We're caught."

"I won't be," she said. "Wait. You don't know who I am."

"I've waited too long—years. In the car I wanted to do this—and this." His mouth came down over hers. He could not remember to think this is my patient.

"I'm Stacia Winslow," she remembered and said. "That family—can't you understand? I'm the Winslows—what's left of them—I'm Stacia Winslow."

When the name really reached him he set her away and stood back. He said nothing at all, but the lines across his forehead and down from his mouth were deep and his look was an accusation.

The Winslows had always owned the mill. The Winslows had given the town its library, its museum, its golf course and clubhouse. They had built their two great houses on the main street, patrimonially, and had shut them away from the main street, haughtily, with gardens and hedges. When the mills were shut down and the whistle ceased to blow, the Winslows had left town and gone to their Florida home. He had

heard that there was now only one Winslow left, and that a girl who had been educated abroad. And here she was.

"Sit down and eat," he said. "The toast will be cold. The tray is made of tin and the service is inadequate for a Winslow."

She was hungry, all right. She ate her toast and drank her coffee.

"This is cosy," she said. "A fire. Rain. Food. A friend—"

"I'm not a friend," he said. "I hate all Winslows. My father died too young. He worked in the damp heat of the Winslow mills and came out into cold that was twenty below. My mother sewed for the Winslows. She used to go in the back way. She was as well born as any Winslow. Better. She was an Adams."

He looked at her all the time. He could hardly wait to get her out of his chair, his room, his life. Nothing about her matched with his life.

When she had finished, she stood up. "All right," she said.

Outside everything that wasn't green was grey—a grey-eyed dawn, not rosy-fingered. His car was drenched and he wiped off the wet leather seat with a cloth. She carried her hat, her bag. She had his old tweed coat over her shoulders. The way wasn't long, just up two streets and over. He turned his car into the Winslow driveway. He had never thought to turn in there.

"Come in, won't you?" she said as she got out of his car. "I'd like you to see the house."

"I've seen plenty of houses," he said.

"I'd like you to see the hole in the roof. You know a Mr. Kozack here, one of the selectmen, don't you?"

"Yes. He's a friend of mine."

"I'd like to meet Mr. Kozack, the selectman," he said.

"Jake Kozack wouldn't set foot in this house," he said.

She was serene. She hunted in her bag for her door key, and unlocked the great door. So, reluctantly, he got out of his car.

She preceded him in, and they passed through lofty rooms dark and musty.

She waved him into a great dining-room panelled in mahogany—"We used to seat fifty people at dinner here"—and into a small, oval dining-room hung with chintz. "This little room I was never afraid of," she said. She gave him no time, she hurried him along. "Now I'll take you upstairs," she said. "Seven bedrooms."

"Why don't you sell it?"

"I may, at that," she said. Her voice floated down to him. She had disappeared above.

He followed. Room after room. Bathrooms in green tile, in blue tile, a black marble one with a sunken tub. A suitcase stood on the dusty bare floor of the great room adjoining this, and beside it were two quilted pink satin slippers.

"When did you come back?" he asked.

"Last night before dinner. I intended to sleep here."

"Why did you come back?" he asked. "Just to have dinner with someone?"

"Partly that," she said. "You see, I have a job in the Middle West. But I had an offer for this house. Doctor Charteris wants to buy it. So I came home."

The doctor stood still. "For a hospital?" he asked casually.

"A private one."

"It would be that."

"He's coming here this morning at eight," she said.

"Then what am I doing here?"

"I wanted an opinion. This place cost my father over sixty thousand dollars. Doctor Charteris has offered me seven thousand dollars for the house."

"What am I supposed to say?" asked the doctor.

"Is it enough?"

"No," he said. He looked at his watch. "Better put on something loose over that shoulder if Charteris is coming."

"Why?"

"He doesn't like my work."

"Isn't it good?"

"It's very good," said the doctor.

"The ballroom," she said, "would make a swell maternity ward."

"Doctor Charteris won't have any wards," he said.

Please turn to Page 10

Was Irritable and Nervy

Now the Picture of Health

Not so long ago this youngster was so irritable and nervy that people called her "an impossible child." Today, she's brimful of health and energy. Doctors discovered that constipation was the real trouble—prescribed Calfig—the gentle, sure laxative made specially for children. They love its pleasant fruity taste.

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The yarn used in Morley Unshrinkable Wool Underwear is the same as that used in the famous "Sun-Glo" Knitting Wools. The fact that these wools have proved themselves unshrinkable to many thousands of women is proof enough that the new Morley Unshrinkable Wool Underwear won't shrink in the ordinary process of washing. So sure are Morley's of this fact that every garment is fully guaranteed against shrinking.

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To give you absolute protection this guarantee is attached to every garment. Should any garments made from "Sun-Glo" yarn shrink in washing they will be replaced.

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Made from "Sun-Glo" yarn and guaranteed unshrinkable. Should this garment shrink in washing it will be replaced.

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ESCAPE

By...

ETHEL VANCE

Illustrated by Virgil

THE STORY SO FAR:

EMMY RITTER, former European actress of note, was in a prison hospital awaiting execution for treason. After living in America for many years, where her children MARK and SABINA PREYSING were born, she had returned to her native land to sell a family property. For diverting proceeds of this sale and unknowingly distributing subversive pamphlets she was condemned to death. She communicated with Mark through an old servant, FRITZ KELLER. Mark went to Europe and commenced the heartbreaking task of getting news of his mother. The lawyer HENNING and the COMMISSIONER OF POLICE would tell him nothing. He eventually traced Fritz in a mountain village and urged a meeting in town. In the same village he meets an American-born COUNTESS whom he knew slightly in New York and who now keeps a finishing school. Mark is conscious that she is naturally more kind than most people, but recognises that she, too, is obsessed by the same fear that overshadows everyone else. From a prominent GENERAL, her intimate friend for fifteen years, she learns of Emmy Ritter's fate and realises Mark's mission.

Meanwhile Emmy learns she is to be executed in four days' time. DR. DITTEN tells her he will make things as easy as possible, and confesses that he had treasured a photograph of her from childhood. This image of her, he said, had represented an ideal. Emmy had a sudden hope the doctor might help her.

Now read on:

EMMY was afraid the doctor would read her thoughts in her too mobile face. She shifted and lay on her other side, her head turned half towards him, looking at the ceiling.

"Well," she said in a stilted voice, "what did the queen do for you little boy? Did she bring you bread or roses?"

"I'm going to tell you," the doctor said, "I was the youngest of our family. The other boys had gone away. My mother was dead and I was alone with my father. I had very few playmates there in the country."

Yes, she thought, I guessed that.

"And I used to use my imagination a great deal—certainly more than was healthy. But I used it, instinctively, to make myself a conception of what the world—when I got into it—would be like. I can't tell you how the photograph became a focus, but a lot of things too diffuse to talk about led me to it. I used to sit each night and imagine myself to be one of the poor, in some great city of the poor, and miserable. This was a natural picture to make at that time. All was starvation and wretchedness around me. And in this world, half dream and half real, I used to lie and think: She will come to-day."

"She did come, and then everything was changed: the suffering, the starvation vanished, the poor were fed, the unhappy received roses. But then I'd think: What if she doesn't come? What if she forgets or goes by another way, or even something she can't help prevents her? What then? What can we do then? Must we endure this misery, with no hope but her caprice, or even her goodness, which isn't, maybe, strong enough?"

"But it wasn't I who brought you a knowledge of human misery," Emmy said.

"Yes," he answered, "you did, because misery, to children, is never really misery at all. And the reasons for that are that the young don't remember from day to day, and also that they carry in them a certainty that misery is temporary. And even more than that, they carry a certainty that the ultimate structure of life is good, and that they're irrevocably included in its goodness."



Mark turned suddenly as he heard someone offering to share his umbrella. He recognised the doctor.

"Well, partly because I was beginning to see that this wasn't so, partly because the allegory of the queen helped me to see it, it happened you became my first, awful knowledge of the uncertainty of life. Through you I saw that the heavenly grace was all a chance. I might have bread or roses, or I might be left blind and empty."

"You put me in the place of God," said Emmy, "though I never asked you to do it. And because of that, I represent all your disappointments. But you'd have had them anyway, because, one way or another, you expected too much."

"It's true it was a silly allegory," he said, "but just the same, in a way, you're responsible for it. In a way, it's your legacy to us. It's part of that long degeneration where the idea of the value of the individual ran riot, bloomed into a sort of decay. The heavenly grace will come, you said to us. You're a man aren't you? Wait for it. Or snatch it, if necessary. And if it comes to you, let the rest starve. The value of the individual usually means in the end the value only of your precious self. So the queen was a criminal in a criminal world."

"Why was she a criminal?" she said sadly. "Only because, after all, she was impotent? And you hadn't the power to make her otherwise? But I don't care how many pictures of actresses you kept in a bureau drawer, because you are simply a young man who has to keep a picture in a bureau drawer. You've got one there right now, as a matter of fact—a new one. I'm sure of it. A new saviour of the world, a new bringer of the heavenly grace."

If I say it myself, it's a less plausible one and a lot less engaging. But still it's the picture of your day. And mine, as you said, was the picture of my day."

"You're right," he said. "Power is necessary. Rights imply power to enforce them. And the State now has power to do that."

"You make me cry with pity for you," Emmy said angrily. "First you drug yourself with one kind of mysticism—queens and roses—then you grasp at another. And every day you go on maiming yourself further for that State of yours."

The doctor sat with his hands slapping between his knees, his eyes fixed on Emmy in a deep, penetrating thoughtfulness.

Suddenly he got up and stood feeling in his pockets.

"I have been wondering," he said, "in a dry voice, 'if you would like to send some communication to your family—your son, for instance. You spoke just now of a son. Perhaps you'd like to write him.'"

"But it's forbidden."

"Certainly it's forbidden. Still, I'm asking you if you'd like to write a note. I would see that it's delivered." He stood by the door, feeling in his pockets, his eyes fixed on the wall. "Of course," he said, "I would only send this note afterwards."

"Naturally," she searched his face to be sure he meant it. "But of course I want to," she said.

"I have paper and pencil," he said. He handed them to her, and propped her up in bed against the small, hard pillow. He saw that at first she did not know what to say and her face was distracted with anguish. It took her a long time to write the note.

"Here it is," she said. She folded

it like an envelope and wrote Mark's name and address.

With a little nod, he went hurriedly out.

MARK went back to the Four Seasons and spent the night. The next morning was Saturday. When the maid came with the coffee, he asked her if she knew of a cheaper place to live. He had begun to be frightened by the spending of so much money.

The maid said she had a friend whose sister-in-law took boarders in a flat over a watch store in Theatre Street. Mark got the address from her.

As he left, the concierge asked him if he wished to leave a forwarding address, and he suddenly thought that Henning might wish to get in touch with him. Or even that other fellow. And besides, though he pretended he had given up hope of Fritz, because Fritz, after all, was a coward, an old man—nursing, perhaps, a long grudge against them—still, there was Fritz, and he remained an unknown quantity. He wrote out the address of the guest-house and left it, together with a good-sized tip, with the concierge.

He found the flat on Theatre Street. To use the automatic lift cost the equivalent of five cents. The sister-in-law of the friend of the maid was an immense woman with a reddish wig. She took his passport in silence and showed him into a room with red wallpaper.

Mark said the room would do and told her that he would only be wanting his breakfast here. She replied that he would have to pay for at least two meals a day.

It was nearly noon, and knowing

that any place he might wish to go would be closed on Saturday afternoon, he lay down on the bed and fell into a half sleep of exhaustion and discouragement. He didn't leave the house all day.

On Sunday morning he woke, feeling so lifeless and oppressed that he couldn't make up his mind to get up. Another day when he could accomplish nothing. He could not face even opening the door of his room. He knew, from the day he had passed here, that every time he opened his door a door across from him opened, and the landlady came out and stared at him across the dim hall.

If he were to get as far as the street, what then? He might go to Henning's, or he might try to find another lawyer, or even, the thought suddenly struck him, he might take the train back to the country to have tea with the countess.

But the countess had not really been cordial and she wouldn't want to see him. If for no other reason than the fact that he would be the petitioner, the man who, even if he left the words unspoken, was still saying incessantly within himself, "I've come to save her. I've come to save Emmy Ritter. You must do something for me."

BUT he had to get up. He looked at his watch. Ten o'clock on a Sunday morning. I'll enjoy the bed one minute more, he thought, then I'll get up.

He took his bathrobe, towel and soap. In a widening of the hall outside his door, the landlady sat in a wicker chair, knitting a sweater. She looked up as he went by and stared at him as though to say, "You're late, and that's queer too."

"Good morning, Madame Desfarge," he said.

She stared after him.

When he went out, he found it was a spring day. He passed into Salvatore, that gay little street of roccoco houses, and at the end of it saw over roof tops the ugly, domed towers of the Lady Church.

When he got to the square, he heard a sound of dying organ music inside. There were a hundred or so people around the door. He joined them, wondering idly for whom they could be waiting. He could tell by the confused murmur that the cathedral was packed, and this surprised him, because of what he knew of the persecuting of the church.

He found out almost at once. A limousine drew up to the door, and at the same time the organ inside broke into a clamorous sound and a great wave of voices joined it. The cardinal, accompanied by his priests and a press of people, some of them carrying dry palm branches, came to the door in a sudden burst of red.

Very quickly he gave his blessing, touching children's heads, holding his amethyst ring to a woman who hung herself forward to kiss it. The clamor around him broke into a great, hoarse shout. The cardinal did not smile; he looked directly at no one. His eyes were fierce, intelligent, icy and remote.

As he got into the car, hands stretched out and the crowd waved and bent towards him, and even Mark caught a shudder from the emotion around him. A man next to him suddenly shouted, "It's a disgrace! It's a shame! He ought to be made to keep his dirty mouth shut!" A woman caught at his arm. "Hush, oh, hush!" she said. But he went on, though he was obviously embarrassed and not particularly fluent: "Who does he think he is, criticising our Leader? I can't do it, you can't do it! Why does he think he can? Well, the Leader won't stand it much longer, I tell you. He'll know what to do about it. He'll know how to shut his dirty mouth."

The people near him looked at him dully and said nothing. The limousine of the cardinal vanished, with an air of elegance and haste, down the narrow street.

Please turn to Page 46

MAKES YOU FEEL WELL

Just because you're getting on in years doesn't mean you have to feel old. Nature—with the help of modern medicine—has created a wonderful tonic which packs into your system the sparkle and vitality of youth. This tonic is WINCARNIS. The astounding total of over 25,000 recommendations from medical men is the most unshakeable proof that WINCARNIS will do you good, too. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. The first glass sends through your whole body the lift and liveliness of the vigour which whisks away depression and revives your brain, heart and nerves. WINCARNIS is the "No Waiting Tonic"—the first glass does you good. Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day!

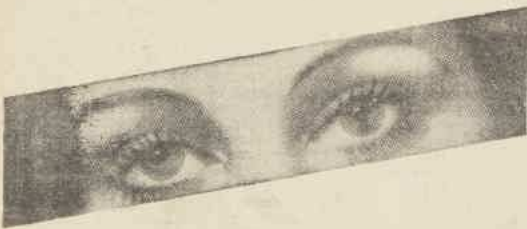
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should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

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A product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which safely dissolves and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 3/6 a bottle (1/10 posted) from Holland Pty. Ltd., 313 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lk. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks, Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 57B Bourke St., Adelaide.

If you were a famous criminal lawyer, would you stake your professional reputation that these are *not* the eyes of a killer?



They are the eyes of lovely Gloria Wayne, who saw the body of Rex Hilton and fled. Hear her story in

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At War with Trouble

Continued from Page 8

"Live in it and starve?" he asked roughly.

"No," she said. She sat there every inch a Winslow, beautiful, impractical, generous, haughty, serene.

"Fifteen," said Doctor Charteris. "Build yourself a statelier mansion, Ben," she said.

When young Doctor Preston and Mr. Kozack came downstairs she was sitting in the ballroom alone, waiting for them.

"Dr. Charteris has come and gone," she said. "Sit down, Mr. Kozack."

Mr. Kozack hesitated, looking around him at the splendour of the room, and down at the delicacy of the gilt chair. Then he sat solidly down as if this was just a chair, as indeed it was. The doctor kept his distance, looking at her.

"Doctor Charteris is not going to have this house for his hospital, Mr. Kozack," she said. "The town is going to have it."

There was a silence. Then the doctor turned abruptly away, and walking to the open doors stood looking down at the neglected garden.

"Free and clear," she said. "I'm giving it. No strings. Not even our name—"

The doctor spoke from his distance.

"The Winslow hospital," he said.

Mr. Kozack looked around him.

"Slick folks, poor folks, in here?"

"Mothers and babies," she said.

"This will be the maternity ward. The operating room," she added.

"This will be on the third floor and we will put in an elevator. Doctor Preston will give us some of his time. I know. We will begin slowly, economically, and grow."

Mr. Kozack sat looking around him.

"If she gives it, doc," he said.

"I'll see that the township runs its own hospital, Doc," Mr. Kozack said reflectively, "now we will have this place for the next time the kids are so sick."

"Having it," said the doctor, "there won't be any next time."

The doctor stood looking out at the garden after Mr. Kozack had gone. Full of plans Mr. Kozack was, immediate and practical. First the outside—clearing up the garden, trimming the trees, weeding. His own boys could start in on that. And then the inside—cleaning women, scrubbing brushes, pails. Mr. Kozack had kissed her hand at leaving and, in his own language, blessed her. She waited for the doctor to go, but he still stood there, weary, but did not want to go home.

"This is why I came home," she said. "This is why I tried to see you last night before you hit me. Ben Charteris said you were the other big doctor in town, that you were throwing your life away among the poor people. I don't call that throwing it away." For a moment she was silent, looking at the doctor. "I love the way you stand," she said unexpectedly. "So prepared—on guard—"

"I have to be," he said.

"Not against me," she said.

He turned quickly at that. Then he came nearer, near. "You don't know anything about me," he said.

"Enough," she said.

"I'm not fair about some things," he said. "I'm hard and bitter. I get angry."

"I'd be inside all that."

He swallowed. "You'd better wait," he said, "until you're sure."

"I can't wait," she said. "I am sure."

He hit his lips at that. Then, tentatively, he held down his hand. She took his hand and laid her cheek against it. Then he sank down against her. He hid his face in her lap. He put both his arms tight around her. He cried. After that he was bitterly ashamed of himself and she comforted him.

"Chief of staff," was one of the things she said.

(Copyright)

She preceded him down. He looked the second floor over again before he followed. He got the whole plan of a hospital in his mind's eye. Space, light, height, convenience. He went up to the third floor. There was a large, middle room up there with a billiard table and a skylight. If Charteris cared to use that for an operating room, he'd have to build in an elevator. The doctor put his hands in his pockets, for his fingers itched to operate in that room. He looked up through the dirty skylight and there was the sun. Charteris would have to put shades across his skylight. Finally, he went down. She was waiting in the hall, looking up for him.

"Will it do?" she asked anxiously. "Admirably," he said. After an instant's hesitation he held out his hand and said "Good-bye."

But she put her hands behind her. "What time is it?" she asked.

"A Winslow without a watch?" He felt better that she should have no watch. He had a very fine watch on his wrist which had been presented to him after the epidemic, "Nearly seven," he said.

"Would Mr. Kozack, the selectman, be up by seven?"

He almost smiled. "Mr. Kozack is a farmer," he said.

"I want another opinion. Please get him. Please bring him."

"I've already told you that seven thousand is not enough," he said patiently.

"But a fine hospital here would be a benefit to the town," she persisted.

"I feel loyalty to this town. I like it. I've lived in so many places, but none of them home. I was born here. Bring Mr. Kozack yourself. Don't just send him. Come back."

He hesitated, for even a Winslow might mean what she said. And a private hospital here run by Dr. Charteris would certainly, indirectly, benefit the town.

"O.K.," he said. "But I may go to sleep at the wheel."

She stood in the hall to watch until the hedges shut him away.

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INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE

The Original and Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN was formulated for the relief of all pain. It is specifically recommended for the relief of headache. Fortunately, headache need not be borne indefinitely. BAYER'S ASPIRIN Tablets will give immediate relief. Remember that. Keep BAYER'S ASPIRIN handy and at the first sign of headache dispel this distress by taking two BAYER'S ASPIRIN Tablets in water. BAYER'S ASPIRIN will also end colds, relieve sore throats, and smash flu overnight. Take BAYER'S ASPIRIN for relief from RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, PERIODIC PAIN and all other NERVE and MUSCLE ACHES AND PAINS.



In flat tins of 12 for pockets or hand-bag, 9d. Bottles of 24, 1/3. Bottles of 100, 4/6.

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• ACTRESS PAT McDONALD plays real-life role as bridesmaid at marriage of her brother Ron with Dorothy Nicholls. Leaving church after ceremony.



• "THAT'S THE KIND I like," says Mrs. H. W. Hattersley as she buys a jar of jam from Mrs. Sydney Jones at the fair for the Anzac Buffet held at Kensington Golf Club.



• CUTTING THE CAKE at their wedding reception at the Pickwick Club. Charles Stokes and bride Patricia Brice.



• ARTIST AND MODEL. Lesbia Thorne and Rene Hare, who looks pleased with her portrait hung at Australian Art Society's exhibition.

They said so . . .

NOBODY surprised to hear that Peg Buchanan and Pat Osborne planned to keep tryst at St. Mark's on Saturday.

Day of triumph for soothsayers who have been prophesying on these lines for months past. Their predictions strengthened by almost daily luncheon engagement of pair at Prince's.

Peg chooses Old-World white moire gown with tulle veil and moire bow as topknot for quiet ceremony. Only family invited to church, but 100 guests come on later for Golf Club reception.

Matron of honor is Peg's cousin, and Pat's sister-in-law, Mrs. Sam Osborne. Peg was her bridesmaid when, as Lindsay Sinclair, she married Sam.

It's a record . . .

A GENUINE record for the Kindergarten Union Dog Show organisers. Ella Doran tells me, with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye, that, war and all, they have 851 entries against all previous show records of 749.

It all nearly ended in tragedy, though, when on Tuesday afternoon, after organisers had prepared the dog pavilion at the R.A.S. showground and arranged stalls, military arrives on the scene and turns them out.

Just no use arguing with the Army, so off they go. However, things not as bad as they seem. They find a nice, wide patch of lawn (where the cattle are judged at the R.A.S.), and arrange themselves comfortably there.

Lots of unusual entrants, aristocrats of the doggy world and experienced in the ways of judges. Making his first appearance, however, is the Belgian sheep dog, pride of the Parmentier family. He's huge, black and furry, and the only one of his kind in Australia.

From a princess . . .

GREAT excitement for members of the Anzac Fellowship of Women celebrating 25th birthday, when, on the morning of the annual meeting, autographed portrait of Princess Marie Louise arrives. It sits up on table in front of Dr. Mary Booth, presiding at the meeting.

Lady Mayoress, being indisposed, is unable to be present at the meeting as she promised, but it's held in her rooms just the same.

For the bride . . .

ROUND of parties for Pat Gedge, who marries Godfrey Wincer this Tuesday. Find her being feted at luncheon by Mrs. Neil Ackland at Romano's. Pat looks glamorous in hyacinth-blue tweed suit and big blue felt hat adorned with cluster of violets.

Other guests I see are sister Roma Gedge, Nuttie Kennedy and Lols Chartres.

Briefly speaking . . .

MRS. ROWAN REEVES is over from Palestine staying with her mother, Mrs. Gordon Welsh, of Rose Bay.

Molly Thompson, sister of Lieutenant Frank of the Light Horse, goes as a masseuse with the A.I.F.

Peggy Hart entertains at a cocktail party farewell for Flying-Officer Bill Upjohn, of Tamworth, who goes overseas shortly.

Nice chatterbugs . . .

WAR word "chatterbugs" might be applied to card-players at Lord Mayor's Younger Set card party at Usher's. There's more chatter than cards, but unlike that of the chatterbugs of Defence Department fame it's all legitimate. They're discussing new ways and means to do their own effort of £1000 presented to Lord Mayor last month.

President Sheila Tonkin is there, cards in hand and on head one of her super hats, little white sailor with mist-blue chiffon covered crown and drappings.

Pat Murray in black sweeping halo hat greeted on all sides by "Thought you had begun nursing at St. Vincent's." Admits that she changed her mind at last moment—for the present anyhow.

Brightest spot on landscape, Mrs. Clive Ogilvie, in sky-blue angora with red sash and matching Robin Hood hat.

Hospital's dilemma . . .

CONSTERNATION at St. Vincent's Hospital when band of resident doctors up and off to join the A.I.F. as one man. Vacancies quickly filled, however, by recent graduates.

New soldier doctors are Lloyd Cahill, Sandy Robertson, Sandy Barrett, Bill Hughes and the hospital's superintendent, John MacNamara.

Writing outback . . .

SOMETHING of a champion letter writer is Benlah Bolton, secretary of the Bush Book Club. It's not one of her official functions, but she admits to me that she receives hundreds of letters per year from lonely women of outback and hasn't the heart not to answer them.

"They write to ask us for certain books, but take the opportunity of pouring out their troubles to unknown listeners," she says.

Nowadays the list of correspondents is increased by wives left lonelier than ever by the departure of husbands and sons with the A.I.F.

I listen to plans for sending heap of literature to these when I attend 30th annual meeting of club, Barbara Knox presiding.

No more bachelors . . .

SOON not a single eligible left in the Army or Air Force I think dejectedly as engagement after engagement is announced. It seems to be just a matter of join up and get married.

Lots of surprises for friends, too. Dorothy Newman and Malcolm McDonald have just a week from day of announcement to prepare for their quiet ceremony at Sacred Heart Church, Mosman. Malcolm's a gunner in the A.I.F., so Dorothy tells me she doesn't know what their plans will be.

Just too much excitement in McDonald family as daughter Sheila was secretly married a month ago in Brisbane to A.I.F. man Bill Willis.

Seppie Osborne, of Double Bay and Glen Innes, has joined the A.I.F., and immediately he and Jessie McMaster say that their marriage will take place some time this month.

Joan, elder of the popular See sisters, is another on the list of service engagements. Flance Tom Parsons is an Air Force recruit. And Bunty Scott Fell's fiancé, Owen Platt Hepworth, is gunner of A.I.F.



• CURTAIN PEEPER Sandra Jaques steals a glimpse of the audience before opening of revue at Bryant's Playhouse to raise funds for camp concerts.



• THEY FACED the camera shyly in their colorful national costumes. Mrs. M. Inouye and Mrs. I. Kamaya at Japanese Exhibition.



• DANISH CONSUL-GENERAL and wife, Count and Countess Schach, admire Japanese fabric at exhibition.



• "EYES LEFT!" And Mr. and Mrs. Thorndon Kent obey as they leave St. Mark's after their wedding. Bride was Rita Small.

An Editorial

JUNE 15, 1940

BLITZKRIEG ON THE CRADLE



THE proposed plan for the adoption of children of British and Allied countries into Australian homes reminds us in Australia that for millions of people in Europe home life no longer exists.

Parents are separated from children, the aged from the care of their families as Hitler's blitzkrieg thrusts Europe back to savagery.

There has been nothing more poignant in history than this flight of the desolate and dispossessed.

Vividly it brings home to us all that the German doesn't change much, be he Junker or Nazi trooper.

The tragic story of Belgium and Northern France in 1914 has been re-enacted in 1940 with greater fury and with greater indiscriminate slaughter of civilians, including women and children.

The German to-day presents us with a war, soldier versus civilian.

Terrorism is its greatest weapon and weeping mothers and babes line the roadway while the Hun struts to a temporary victory.

Perhaps in the long run it will be the plight of the little children that will cause the downfall of German might.

Such a hurricane of execration and disgust has blown up in British and Allied countries that the Hitler hordes will melt before it.

The force behind it comes not only from strength of arms but also from the conviction that death is preferable to a world fallen back to the pagan philosophy of the tooth and the talon; where victory is won not by men against men in conflict, but by a bomb in a baby's cradle.

This method of warfare unites the whole of humanity against Hitler. Every heart is wrung by the piteous cry of these children. Their plight will arm new legions in the march to victory against these their murderers.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Silver lining

A GREAT surge of eagerness to assist in the war effort is the silver lining to the dark news from Europe in the past few weeks.

Millions of pounds are rolling in for the new War Loan, interest-free loans, war certificates, and straight-out gifts.

Sums vary from one and a half million pounds invested in the War Loan by an insurance company to £50 lent for the same loan by the Women's Athletic Association, and a straight-out gift of 5/- from a woman office cleaner.

2000 socks a day

IN the last few weeks the number of pairs of socks sent in to the Lord Mayor's Fund in Sydney has leaped from a few hundred to a thousand pairs a day.

In addition to these an average of 100 mufflers, 227 pairs of underpants and 162 vests are brought in daily, as well as pyjamas and other products of voluntary effort.

Let them sing

ORGANISERS of win-the-war rallies in other States might take a hint from the first of these rallies in Sydney.

Though no arrangements were made for it, the huge audience in the Town Hall joined in community singing of its own accord while the National Military Band played rousing songs of this war and the last.

The thousands who listened to the rally from the microphones outside the Town Hall joined in bursts of singing too, and would have needed very little encouragement from a community-singing leader to have out-sung the people inside.

If the war effort wants morale as well as money, people can cheer up themselves and other people by letting themselves go in rousing choruses.

More nurses

A NEW batch of nurses is moving into the hospitals attached to various camps where the 7th Division will be trained.

Ten nurses have already gone to Ingleburn, and another ten to Greta, in N.S.W.

Hundreds of nurses are still available for war service.

In N.S.W. alone there is a waiting list of twelve hundred.

Silk stockings at front

IN response to an appeal, hundreds of pairs of women's silk stockings are being sent to the British Expeditionary Force on several fronts in Europe.

Worn under army socks the stockings prevent chafing during route marches.

One man's work

THREE women clerks have chosen an individual war effort.

A clerk in their department who has a wife and family has enlisted. As the firm will not make up his

Winnie the war winner



"I ran out of flags."

pay the three women clerks have volunteered to work longer hours every day so that they can do his work, on condition the firm will make up his salary.

Spe-e-ch . . .

THE A.I.F. has competed in a number of athletic meetings against local champions in Palestine.

A N.S.W. lieutenant was placed in three events and presented with certificates and three cases of oranges.

Over the amplifiers he addressed the crowd in what he considered a pretty eloquent and inspiring speech.

But he learned afterwards that his polite listeners could not understand a word of it, as they spoke only Hebrew.

British leader worked for S.A. storekeeper

From Our Adelaide Representative

INTERESTING sidelights on Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister for Labor in Mr. Winston Churchill's Cabinet, are given by Mr. F. G. Stock, now a South Australian storekeeper.

Many years ago in England, Mr. Bevin was employed as a van driver in the Bristol Mineral Waters Manufactory managed by Mr. Stock.

"Just the man for the Labor portfolio. He is strong and will help through this crisis," said Mr. Stock, when I called to see him at his store at Torrens Park.

"Yes. And he is a man you would have confidence in," interjected Mrs. Stock. "Women of the British Empire should be glad he is appointed. He will look after the interests of thousands of women in munition works," she added.

"Ernie . . . everybody called him Ernie, was always a very sympathetic man," said Mr. Stock. "He would always help anyone in trouble."

"But he would always put people in their place if he thought they needed it."

"I remember one incident when he was driving a van for the company."

"We always had van boys to tidy up the bottles on the vans. Two boys on Ernie's van had a drunken father who used to waylay them on pay-day and take their wages from them."

"Their mother went crying to Ernie and told him about it. He promised to help her. Sure enough he did. He told the father to clear out and leave the boys alone. And Ernie was a big determined-looking fellow, I might tell you."

"He frightened the father away. But in his thorough way Ernie made quite sure by going home with the boys on pay-day. He saw their money safely handed over to their mother."

Wonderful smile

WHEN Mr. Stock first knew Mr. Bevin he was about twenty, but he looked more. He was a well-built and very thickset young man. He had brown eyes and dark brown hair.

"But what struck you most about him was that he looked so healthy. And his smile. He didn't often smile, but when he did it WAS a smile," said Mr. Stock.

He was a wonderful man with horses. He handled them brilliantly on his rounds, which often took him far out into the country with his van.

He was also a lay preacher, and used to go out to country districts to preach.

The young man did so well that when a cafe was opened adjoining the Mineral Water factory, Mr. Stock recommended him as manager.

Here he immediately showed his business acumen.

He suggested to Mr. Stock that for advertisement they should offer to the first customer who came in to the cafe the value of his first meal every morning for a month. It was to be taken out in a meal or cigarettes or sweets.

"Sure enough it was a great advertisement. When we came along to the cafe next morning there was a huge mob of people outside waiting to get in. We had to explain to them again that it was only the FIRST customer who got the privilege."

"Mr. Bevin ran the cafe for about four years and then became Dockers' organizer."

"Later he became secretary of the Dockers' Union and went up to London, and we did not see him again in Bristol."

"But we read of his progress. He came into prominence when he fought for higher wages for the workers and managed to get them a rise of 5/- a week."

"He handled their case brilliantly. He provided much evidence carefully set out to prove that the wages the men were getting were not enough to keep a wife and family."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Why all humorists should be "concentrated"!



News of Wodehouse's internment gives Lower a brainwave

The Empire's second-greatest humorist, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, has been interned by the Germans.

I don't know what humorists do when they're interned, but I suppose Wodehouse will send for his man Jeeves.

"I HAVE laid out your grey leg-irons for this morning, sir."

"Thank you, Jeeves. What kind of a day is it without the portals?"

"I asked the guard, sir, but he was most aloof. I gathered, sir, that he is an uneducated cat—if I may make so bold—who cannot speak English, sir."

"Deuced awkward, what? We must engage an interpreter, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir. There is no soap, sir. The soap factory, I understand, is now a munition works. We have water, however."

"Very good, Jeeves. What have we for the jolly old breakfast?"

"I'm afraid, sir, it is similar to yesterday's breakfast."

"Not boiled sawdust again!"

"Yes, sir. There is also britskrieg coffee. Made out of horse-hide, I think, sir."

"You don't recommend it, Jeeves?"

"Not the sort of stuff to stain the old school tie with, perhaps?"

"No, sir. I often think of a rather cosy parlor in a small hostelry in East Wapping. The beer there was—"

"Don't, Jeeves!"

"No, sir. If I may make a suggestion—"

By
L. W. Lower

Australia's foremost humorist

Illustrated by WEP

L. W. LOWER concentrates on a "concentrated" story in his own private concentration camp. The notice in the foreground reads: "Dangerous Character. Keep away!"

she could ring up the gaol and say, "Hullo, Mrs. Lower speaking. Is my husband still there?"

"Yes, madam. We've got him chained to the wall with weights strapped to his feet."

"Oh. Thank you very much."

"We're just going to lash him."

"When he's released will you remind him to bring home a quarter of a pound of ham?"

"Certainly, madam."

I'm still sorry for Mr. Wodehouse. Just like I'm sorry for birds in cages.



YOU never know when you will need the friendly brilliance of a good electric flashlight, so play safe and keep an "Eveready" flashlight handy, where you can find it quickly and easily in the dark. More important still, see that you keep it loaded, ready for instant use, with dependable, "factory fresh" Eveready Flashlight Refills, the best batteries you can buy. Even when all other lights fail an Eveready will never let you down . . . Obtainable everywhere.



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How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

She's got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.



"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than 21 and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Leckie.

BILE BEANS

Keep You Happy, Healthy and Slim



LADY: What can I do to get soft, beautiful hands?
SPECIALIST: Nothing, madame, and do it all day long.

Some NEW LAUGHS



"Look here, old man, you've enough faith in me to lend me £5, haven't you?"
"Absolutely, old boy, I've any amount of faith, but no £5."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Choke it, Mopsy, choke it!"
"But where's its neck?"



"And has she made him a good wife?"
"I couldn't say, but I do know that she's made him a very good husband."

The Case of JEAN M—



CASE : No. 6921
NAME : JEAN M. ... AGE : 23
OCCUPATION : Milliner.

SYMPTOMS: Frequent headaches. Lack of energy. Blotchy complexion. Unpleasant breath. Irritability. Dizziness.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation—resulting in impoverished blood. Accumulated poisons in bloodstream undermining whole system.

TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

YOUR CHEMIST ALSO RECOMMENDS NYAL BABY POWDER WITH ALPHAZONE, 1/3

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets, 1/3

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HOW do you afford such long vacations?"

"Easily. One month on the sands and eleven on the rocks."

FIRST Maid: So you don't like working for highbrows?

Second Maid: No. I worked for one couple once, and what with her and him fighting continually I was kept running between the key-hole and the dictionary all the time.

"TWO years ago I had money to burn, and I burnt it."

"How?"

"On an old flame of mine."

"YOU'LL have to put your own sugar in the jam I've made, dear," said the young wife to her husband. "I didn't know how sweet you like it."

"WE shouldn't handle this money too much. There may be germs on it."

"Nonsense! Germs couldn't live on the money we get!"

"ALL women are biased!"

"Yes! Buy us this and buy us that!"

"ANY of you lads know anything about shorthand?" asked the sergeant-major of a crowd of recruits.

There was a quick response. Six of them fell out at once.

"Righto, my lads. They are short-handed in the cookhouse. Quick march!"

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Home is the Hero

Continued from Page 14

WITH a small part of her mind Marge wondered exactly where she had put the clinical thermometer. With the main part she worked to explain things in a plausible and placating way: "Mrs Furnace was merely a substitute for Bea, Bea's on her vacation."

"Well—" Bill ran his hand over his stubbled face. "You—uh—you—"

"What, dear?"

"You act as if I'd committed a sin coming home a few days early. To my own house, at that."

"Don't you think you're imagining things, Bill?"

He stood up, shrugged, and blurted, "No!" Then he turned savagely on his unoffending wife. "Say! Here I've been away all this whole time, and when I come back do you ask me if I've had a good time? No! Catch any fish? No!"

"Did you, dear?"

"It's too late now, Marge. The damage is done. But I caught some fish. Got 'em right out in the car, too. Know what I'm going to do with 'em, instead of having them here?"

"What, darling?" asked Marge, trying to make her expression appropriately dismayed, when all she felt was relief that the house would not be smelted up with frying salmon.

"I'm going down to the Power House Tavern, and I'm going to give those fish, every one of them, to the bartender!"

She sat down on the sofa Bill had lately vacated. A ranting and prob-

ably feverish Bill was but one of the problems of running a house. For a moment, willy-nilly, Marge was obliged to bore in with practical matters. "Just a minute, Bill—please. Before you go, I'd like the car to do the shopping. Not a thing in the house fit for your supper."

"Well, you been twelve-thirteen days now without a car. I don't see why—"

"I don't want to leave the baby alone, Bill. But if you want to go right now, could you stop and get some sirloin steak? About two and a half pounds. Don't pay over sixty-two cents, even if you have to go to Rizzini's for it. And then, let me see: two honeydew melons, and—"

"Write it down," growled Bill.

In the end, after she had carefully listed the supplies, Marge did the shopping herself. When she had gone, Bill strolled disconsolately into the backyard. Baby Henry, though still wary, tolerated his father in silence. Bill reached down and touched his son's curls. His heart bled for his offspring. He wished it were possible for him to prepare the child for the brutal disappointment which was life. But there was no way.

Bill mumbled to him, "Little fellow, the time will come when you'll wish you'd never been—" Bill whipped out his handkerchief, as his prophetic sentence ended in a sneeze.

The loneliness of a season's end

permeated Bill Crane. Possibly he was going crazy. The strain of life had broken him at last. At thirty-six he was a worn-out, burned-out husk. A stab of shame for his recent behaviour with Marge added to his misery. He cast out the idea of making amends. Marge should know better than to hire convicts. What did she think they were, anyway? Household pets?

Gloomily searching for something to do, Bill decided there was time to burn the trash before Marge returned. He went to the cellar, hoisted a barrel to his shoulder, and carried it out to the incinerator. He emptied the contents into the pit and began the dismal work of cremation.

It seemed to him that a family's history was written in its trash. He was now burning the record of the brief, unhappy presence on earth of the Cranes: old milk-bottle caps, bread wrappers, a twist of hair combed from Marge's hairbrush, one of his old hats, a rubber heel, paper bags which had contained groceries, which had been eaten by his children, which had sustained life in them— . . . for what?

An afternoon breeze wafted the dense smoke into Bill's face. He stepped aside, his eyes watering.

How different the stench of trash-smoke from that of the clean, white spruce of the north! For a delectable moment, Bill considered returning to the wilderness for good. What did home hold for him? Why had he tricked himself with thoughts of a happy return? Home was what you were homesick for—until you got there, and found your older children off pursuing their own selfish pleasures, your youngest a stranger, your unfeeling wife away, and a female assassin in command.

Baby Henry Crane, for the excellent reason that he was hungry, began to cry. Timidly, Bill approached and gathered the boy in his arms. Marge returned to find them thus. Reaching for the baby, she said: "Bill, dear—I'm terribly sorry about everything, but I'm going to be rushed for the next half hour or so; got to feed Henry and tuck him in, then get your supper. You'll have time to shave and clean up. Then, after supper, if you want to take the fish down to the Power House, why—"

"Never mind me," sighed Bill. Marge suddenly noticed the trash smoke curling off and away from the incinerator. "Smoke's going right

change his clothes. That would give her twenty minutes to broil the steak, ice the melon, and prepare the vegetables. Then for that clinical thermometer! Getting it under Bill's tongue would require major manoeuvring.

"Steak all right, dear?" Marge asked later, as Bill began carving.

"Yuh," Bill admitted grudgingly. "S all right, I guess."

Marge's glances flicked over the table. Not a thing missing. Salt, pepper, Worcestershire, sugar for coffee, bread, butter, ice water. "Don't give me all the tenderest part dear!"

"I saved a little for myself," Bill replied, his voice glum with fancied sacrifice.

"Well," began Marge. "Now! At last! Tell me about your trip. I've been simply flaming with curiosity."

"Huh. What do you want to know about it?"

"Did you have a good time with Smoky Joe Patch?"

Bill poured some Worcestershire on his perfectly done steak—black on the outside, red in the middle. "Well—yes—no."

"Which, dear?"

"Smoky was all right, I guess."

"Who caught the most fish?"

Bill stared at his plate. "Smoky. He always does."

"Oh. Who caught the biggest one?"

"Smoky."

There was a small time of silence, during which Marge tried to invent a canny lead. "You look the picture of health," she offered experimentally.

"It's the sun."

"Well, doesn't your skin feel awfully hot? I mean, sort of burny?"

"No—but my ears are singing."

"What?"

"Ears singing. Little men beating with sledges on anvils. Inside my ears."

MARGE went to the refrigerator for the leek melon. Returning, she came to her husband's side and put her hand again on his forehead. With her other hand she reached for his pulse. "Bill, I do believe—"

He dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. "Quit it, Marge! Don't be silly. I haven't been sick in years—never get sick."

"That's so," Marge agreed hypocritically. "But what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"But you worry me. What makes you feel this way—ears ringing, and everything?"

Bill Crane hung his head. With a long stricken sigh he turned his eyes upward to Marge's. "Marge," he confided solemnly, "you don't realise what I've been through."

"What have you been through?"

"Practically two hundred miles of unbroken wilderness!" he replied huskily.

"Wasn't that what you wanted?"

"Well, but— Now you listen to me, Marge. You don't understand."

"What don't I understand, dear?"

He hardly realised it as she assisted him from the table, led him into the living-room, and sat him gently in his own chair.

"Well," Bill began, "anyway—I go through all that, and all the time I was longing for home, simply longing. Dreaming about it, see? But now I'm through dreaming, forever. Understand? Never again will I dream of home."

"Oh, Bill. Please, darling, don't say that!"

"I've learned that—that—"

"What?"

Bill passed his hand over his brow in a gesture of despair. If his woe was justified only to himself, his comment on it was convincing enough: "I have learned," he said tragically, "that life itself is merely the difference between what you expect and what you get."

Please turn to Page 18

As one Girl to another . . .



Go-er! But I simply must get my hips down!

I'd swap my figure for your complexion any day.

Be your age, a lovely skin is easy to have.

Really? Then what . . .

Revelry, my dear. The creams are so light and silky, the powder's a dream . . .

And the price a nightmare?

No, Smarty! They're only 1/- each.



Revelry

The lightest of Light Creams

1/-

The softest of Face Powders

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The answer is—

- 1—Projecting face at the base of a wall or column.
- 2—Stalactite from ceiling downwards; stalagmite from floor upwards.
- 3—Two sirloins uncut at the backbone.
- 4—The diamond, ruby, sapphire, and emerald.
- 5—No.
- 6—Sir John Millais
- 7—Cuba.
- 8—Two wheels.
- 9—Tennyson.
- 10—The bridegroom.

Questions on Page 14.

into Professor Scollnick's screened porch! Better turn the hose on the incinerator."

"Let it smoke!" growled Bill, glaring toward the professor's home. "Didn't his leaves blow all over our lawn last autumn, right after I got through raking?"

"All right, dear," agreed Marge. Oh, blessed memory! The clinical thermometer was in Ned's bathroom. Once she convinced Bill he was sick, she'd have a husband again. The trick was to convince him—and to keep him at arm's length until she could—and at the same time shower attention on him. Whew!

Remembering to put his clean towels in the bathroom, before he started shaving, was sheer inspiration. The towels had scarcely stopped swaying on the rack when Bill's brooding steps sounded on the stairs.

It was fortunate that the baby did all his duties unhesitatingly on that particular evening. The entire feeding, changing, and washing routine took Marge twenty-one minutes. As she started down to the kitchen, she heard Bill spluttering in the bathroom. That meant he had shaved, and was washing his face. He would certainly bathe, and then



No, it's not fair, because she isn't fair to HERSELF! There's absolutely no NEED for these disappointments caused every month or so by the inconvenience of old-fashioned sanitary methods!

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HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 9d; packet of 6, 1/6; large, economical-size packet of 10, 2/6. Easy instructions enclosed.

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For FREE trial, 1st packet of famous Camellia-tone Tanning and Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair

Real Life Stories

Escape when brakes of log-truck failed

WHILE I was holidaying in Gippsland a friend, whose husband was a sawmiller, took me on an excursion into the forest to see the timber being hewn.

We had to travel to and from our destination in a "log-truck" which ran along a tram line. We made the forward journey safely, but coming back we had to clamber on to the top of a huge log fully six feet in diameter.

The return journey was down the mountain - side, which was so steep that no locomotive power was necessary for the truck.

Suddenly there was an alarming screeching of brakes. The speed increased. The

driver tugged at his brake ropes, but to no avail.

"Jump!" shouted the driver, realising the truck was beyond control and that the brakes had jammed.

My friend did. I was too frightened. I was so paralysed with fear that I crouched clutching desperately at the enormous log which seemed to be flying through space.

There was one last lurch, more violent than the rest, and the truck heeled over, tossing myself and the driver clear. It left the line and plunged on through the forest down the mountain. We both escaped with a few abrasions.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Harrison, Gladstone Rd., Briar Hill, via Greensborough, Vic.

Night in cyclone

IN the course of travels when my husband was looking for work we came to Ayr, North Queensland, and camped in a tent near a creek.

In the middle of the night a cyclone struck the district. Huge limbs were snapped off trees and one hit our tent, tearing it to ribbons.

We were soaked to the skin as the torn tent flapped against us while my husband and I tried to hold up the ridge-pole with forked poles from the side supports. The two children were terrified. Wrapped in wet blankets they lay on one of the beds while we tried to keep the rain off them.

Practically all our possessions were ruined. Fortunately in the morning one of the townsfolk kindly lent us an empty house and four very wet and miserable people battled their way through wind and rain to shelter.

2/6 to Mrs. P. Maloney, c/o Post Office, Ayr, North Qld.

Crash nearly fatal

DRIVING back from Sale, our nearest township, my father and I approached a swing bridge, to reach which the road takes a very sharp turn.

We slowed down to take the turn, but the steering on the car suddenly jammed and although my father applied the brakes it was too late.

I could see the fence looming up at us... the next thing I remember was lying on the ground with something heavy on my legs. I discovered I was lying underneath the overturned car.

Fortunately, I crawled out, with only slight bruises, to find my father also unhurt.

The car had knocked out two panels of post-and-rail fence, dropped over a two-foot bank, rolled over, and come to rest within two feet of a thirty-foot drop into the river!

2/6 to B. O'Neill, 41 McArthur St., Sale, Vic.



"I WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO JUMP. I was so paralysed that I clutched desperately to the log. We seemed to be flying through space."

Short and Snappy

WRONG PATIENT

A MAN and his wife called at the admission office of a small country hospital where I worked, with a note from the local doctor.

Matron read the note and told me to admit Mr. Brown. I took him into the ward, showed him his bed, then gave him pyjamas and proceeded to take his temperature.

"Have you been sick long?" I asked.

Imagine my surprise when he answered, "It's not me, it's my wife who is sick."

10/8 to Miss J. Clancy, 17 Morrie St., Gordon, N.S.W.

NOVEL HAT-RACK

LOOKING round the dimly-lit kitchen of a house in the bush I hung my hat on a projection from the top of a cupboard. It fell to the ground. I made a second attempt, with the same result.

The third attempt attracted my host's attention.

"Hey!" he said. "Don't do that. You'll be upsetting my hen. She'll be hatching in three days."

I had been trying to hang my hat on the hen's outstretched neck!

8/6 to George Gordon, Hillside, Vic.

TAKEN SERIOUSLY

A YOUNG girl was taking an 18-months-old-boy for a walk one evening. Near the local picture show the baby grew tired and refused to go any farther.

Some young soldiers standing nearby were much amused at the scene.

"Shall I carry the baby, Miss?" said one jokingly.

"Thank you very much," replied the girl seriously, and much to the amusement of his mates the young soldier had to carry the baby home.

2/6 to Miss K. Curtis, 82 Speed St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

TRUSTING

CALLING at a friend's home I found a note pinned on her door. It was addressed to the gas collector and told him to look under a pot plant for the money for the month's account.

Evidently she had great faith in the honesty of passers-by.

2/6 to Mrs. O. McCormack, 25 Cassell's Rd., West Brunswick, Vic.

Enormous wave

ON a voyage from Melbourne to Iquique, in the sailing ship Cortez many years ago, we were running before a heavy gale, carrying more sail than seemed prudent.

I was at the wheel with an ordinary seaman assisting me. It was morning and the captain was on deck nearby.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Heavens, what is coming astern?"

I looked round and saw a wall of water, that looked 80 feet high, less than a mile astern.

There was the most agonising suspense - then the impact. The wave struck us under the stern, buckling some planks. It divided as it struck and two huge walls of water tumbled in over the waist of the ship. They bounded high over the deck-house and smashed the lifeboats as if they were cardboard.

Only providence saved us - and the fact that we had so much sail on.

Terrific damage was done to the ship, but all the crew were unhurt except one man who was knocked unconscious.

2/6 to Mr. C. Jensen, 35 Robert St., Croydon, Adelaide.

Mysterious canoeist

ABOUT three years ago when sorting shrimps for bait on the slip that serves my boat-shed in Sydney Harbor, a canoe paddled in Indian fashion (paddles used on one side only) arrived alongside the slip.

As it reached the slip its finely-built occupant asked permission to land. He said: "I want to make an agreement to leave my canoe in your care."

I assented and started to tell him my terms. He said: "Just a moment, please. I will return shortly and complete arrangements."

He turned and walked up the slip - and that was the last I ever saw of him.

Next day, when putting the canoe on the rack, I found the owner's pipe and tobacco, and a coat containing nothing of an identifying nature. The craft was an expensive imported Canadian canoe.

When several days passed I notified the police, but although they made inquiries the owner was never traced.

Three years have passed, and the canoe still rests on the rack on which I placed her.

2/6 to J. A. Meagher, 170 Phillip St., Sydney.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" Column.

Full address at top of Page 5.



ACCIDENTS SOON REMEDIED



108. "After a very severe illness all my nails came off. When the new nails started to grow I rubbed 'Vaseline' Jelly well in every night and morning. It took away all the tenderness and the new nails grew perfectly."
—Mrs. J. Pett, 100 Faulkner Street, North Fitzroy, Vic.

109. "Whenever I go for a picnic I always come home with a stinging sunburnt face. But with one application of 'Vaseline' Jelly I wake in the morning with every bit of redness and sting gone out of my face."
—Miss L. G. Thomson, 16 Wakefield Street, Kent Town, Adelaide, S.A.

110. "Whenever I'm sewing and prick my fingers I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to stop bleeding and keep them smooth."
—Miss Dobney, Fitzmaurice St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

111. "My husband recently underwent an operation and contracted shingles. We tried ointments and lotions but they were useless. One day I suggested 'Vaseline' Jelly. It gave such ease that we continued the use until the shingles were completely cured."
—Mrs. L. B. Shaller, 24 Waverley Crescent, Waverley, N.S.W.

112. "Several months ago I broke down whilst training for foot races. I applied 'Vaseline' Jelly to the injured muscles of my legs, and within a week had completely recovered."
—H. Butler, Bellevue Avenue, Rosanna, N.22. Vic.

WE WILL PAY £1 to anyone sending in uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Cheebrough, Dept. 441, Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne, together with the label from a jar of genuine "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



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ECONOMICAL, BECAUSE YOU NEED
JUST A FEW DROPS AT A TIME

Lonely and Unlovely

TOO FAT AND HAS
PIMPLY FACE

Many a young girl has lost her attractiveness simply because she is overweight, ungainly, and has a pimply complexion which the discriminating young man of to-day positively shudders.

The fat which destroys your figure is usually that unhealthy tissue which is put on through the absorption of waste digestive matter into the blood. Constipation is the root of that evil and it can be safely and harmlessly corrected by taking Pinkettes. These gentle little pills contain safe laxative ingredients that painlessly exercise lax bowels, stir the liver and so disperse unhealthy fat, biliousness, sick headache, bad breath, spots and pimples on the complexion. You will be delighted at the difference Pinkettes make to your appearance, health and temper. At chemists and stores. 1/2 bottle.

MARGE, who had learned this about fifteen years before, exclaimed, "Oh, that's so, so true, darling! And I'm so terribly sorry about the way you found things to-day. It must have been a dreadful disappointment to you. All my fault. Oh, dear!"

"That's all right," he murmured. "Don't feel bad about it."

Marge had been perching on the arm of his chair. Now she jumped up and started from the room, hushing.

"Where you going now?" snarled Bill.

"I'll be back in a minute. You sit still," ordered Marge.

In ten seconds she returned with the clinical thermometer. Her sprightly manner, her air of gaiety, and her kid-glove methods of handling had all evaporated during her brief absence. Taking her stand squarely in front of Bill, she shook the thermometer down to below normal and thrust it toward him, saying:

"Open your mouth!"

"I won't either! I'm not sick. You women—always taking people's tempera—"

"Bill Crane!" With one hand Marge caught him by the shoulder. With the other she poked the thermometer closer to his mouth. "Now you're going to do as I say! You've been acting like a perfect beast ever since you got home. If that's normal for you, then I don't want any more of you. If it isn't normal, I'm going to find out why, and do something about it! Open!"

Bill's eyes looked dangerous. As he pulled away from the thermometer he took breath for fiery speech.

Marge, moving with him, bent her head close to his. "Say ah-h-h!"

"Ah-h-h!" said Bill uncontrollably, and, as his mouth opened, in went the thermometer.

"There!" said Marge. "Under your tongue, now."

Slowly sinking back in his chair, Bill made one great effort to express his outrage. It sounded like:

"Ump-tuh-uh doom—"

"Oh, hush, Bill. Don't talk. Keep your mouth closed."

Home is the Hero

Continued from Page 16

"Uhd um wummin!"

"There, dear," Marge murmured, more tenderly.

She glanced at her wrist-watch, let a minute and thirty seconds go, by, and slipped the thermometer from Bill's mouth. Holding it to the light, she spun it expertly, caught the top edge of the mercury column against the degree marks, nodded triumphantly. "Thought so!"

"Well," snarled Bill. "Hope you're satisfied."

"Upstairs! Right to bed!"

Bill started to protest, hesitated, quieted. His eyes glowed faintly with the first fore-runner of interest in his own symptoms. "Have I—I mean, is there—"

"Plenty!"

"How much?" Bill leaned forward, suddenly tense with the dark mystery of himself. "How much, Marge? No kidding."

"One—hundred—and two!"

"Honest?" In his eyes there was the look, almost, of an unexpected prizewinner.

"See for yourself," Marge volunteered.

Bill took the instrument. He twirled, he fumbled, he focused, and at last he read. Then he wilted, gave in completely, and went upstairs to his bed. Later, in a clean suit of pyjamas, he lay tingling with the good smooth coolness of sheets. Supposing the fever had come on him up north! He might have died, racked with pain! Mad, pop-eyed with delirium! But he lay in his own bed, next to Marge's, while she moved efficiently around him, tucking, patting, and plumping pillows.

It was while Marge was downstairs after his cigarettes that Bill's daughter, Sylvia, came home. He heard the front door slam, then the clear, impulsive voice of his girl-child, returned from her picnic. Then Marge, shushing and admonishing: "Sylvia—quiet, please! Dad's home, sick. Temperature—"

"He's?" whispered Sylvia, her very breath-sound respectful. "Oh, poor Daddy. But he's home. That's something to be thankful for. I have

been extremely bored by that empty bed beside yours all this while time." Bill Crane stared glowingly at the ceiling. This, he thought, was something like! They loved him, even missed him. Absolutely loved him and cared for him. He was happy. He was happier than he had ever been in his whole life—practically. There was no sweeter ecstasy than self-pity, when it was justified by the proper degrees of fever.

Presently he heard footsteps on the stairs, and Sylvia appeared in the bedroom doorway, wide-eyed with sympathy. Her muted voice lent credence to his affliction, goodness to life itself.

"How do you feel, Dad? Any fish?" "Guess I'll feel all right," Bill replied wanly. "Fish in the back of the car. It's unlocked. You can open it and look."

"Oh, boy! I'm awfully sorry you're sick, Dad."

"Sure. Thanks, honey."

MARGE came in with a beaded glass containing some kind of nectar for a sufferer to drink slowly through a straw.

"Run, now, dear," Marge said to Sylvia. "Bedtime. Go see the fish, and come right in."

When Sylvia had skipped away, and Bill had the cold, wet glass in his hand Marge proposed an alcohol rub. She got the materials, but just when Bill had finished his drink the bedside phone rang. It was long distance—from the village in New Hampshire where Ned's camp was located.

For a long time Bill heard nothing but the wire's portentous humming. He stared in fright at Marge, Ned! Why was the camp calling? A canoe accident? The questions burned in their eyes, bringing them close in emergency. Then Ned's own voice! Why, you could hear the kid's very breathing over all that distance. He was excited about something, panting over the wire:

"Hey, Dad! Look, this is Ned. See? Look—"

"Yes, yes. Sure—Ned! What's the matter? Are you all right?"

"Dad, can you hear me?"

"Yes. What's wrong, Ned?"

"Well—Dad. A week from next Saturday it's going to be Dad's Day at camp. Dad, say, couldn't you please come? They're going to have a doubles tournament—tennis, see, Dad? If you could come—"

"Yes, you bet! Yes—yes, I'll be there, all right," Bill gulped, his throat aching with relief.

After he had told Marge the gist of Ned's message she put her hands to her head and said, "Whew! I thought for a minute that—"

"Oh, you're always jumping to conclusions," Bill replied, his voice muffled in his pillows.

Under Marge's soothing fingers, Bill had begun to relax into a kind of conscious nirvana, when Sylvia returned from her inspection of the fish. The rubbing process was halted.

"Daddy," the child said worshipfully, "those are very enormous fish. In fact, ux-ceedingly huge."

"Oh, so you liked 'em all right, eh?" said Bill muzzily.

"Yes. They are vastly adorable." Then Sylvia, looking the least bit troubled, turned to her mother with a kind of woman-to-woman aside: "Mother, I wish to speak to you."

"Yes, dear. You mean, alone?"

"In private," corrected Sylvia archly.

Marge patted Bill's exposed shoulders, said, "I'll put Sylvia to bed and be right back," and left the room.

BILL'S pique at his daughter's lack of confidence to tell things in his presence was quickly lost in his drowsy comfort. He began listening to the katydids and crickets. The night was soft, luxurious as his ailment. For one sweet moment everything was exactly as it should be. His wife and children placed a great value on him. They attended him with loving care, and even admired many of the things he did, and the size of the fish he caught. Ned's calling him up for Dad's Day! Well, he and Ned would certainly show the other fathers and sons how to play doubles!

He heard Marge's step at the door, felt the bed move a little and she bent over him. "Asleep, dear?" she whispered.

"No."

"Want me to rub your back some more?"

"Sure. That is, if you're not too tired."

"No, of course I'm not. I love doing things for you."

Again the cool damp of alcohol, the sure and silky fingers on his spine. Once Marge bent and kissed the back of his head. She had sure been wonderful to him and he had been pretty nasty. He would tell her so, right now. No, to-morrow. She was laughing very softly.

"What's funny now?" he muttered. "Thinking about Mrs. Boiler again?"

"Furnace, her name was. No—something Sylvia told me."

"What'd she tell you?"

"Don't you dare let on you know!"

"All right. But I don't see why she should want to keep things from me."

"You will, after I tell you." In a muffled voice, Marge gave a perfect imitation of her daughter, in Sylvia's best narrative style: "As I was coming near the car," she said, "Marge began, 'I was astonished to notice a good many cats hanging around there.'"

"Cats?" echoed Bill.

"Yes, cats. Then Sylvia said 'Mother, and then I opened the back of the car, and what I smelled must of been ux-actly what those cats smelled. Mother, the smell was undecribly awful! I knew what it was, and I was sad. It was Daddy's fish, and I was sad. I was sad, because I knew Daddy's fish had gone up.'"

"And she never let on," said Bill, burying his grin in the pillow.

"What do you think of that for protection?" asked Marge.

"Huh—some kid!"

Marge gave him an extra skilful rub, beginning at the base of the spine and ending far up between his shoulder blades. It was so wonderfully soothing that Bill felt again the need to confess to her his opinion of his own recent behaviour. Again he deferred, saying: "Guess I'll just fish around home next season. Short, day trips. Home every night."

"That would be fine, darling," said Marge, knowing full well that the following March he would begin planning trips to Maine, New Brunswick, or northern Ontario. "How'd you like that last rub? Want another like it?"

"Well, yes... but there's a place where I itch... Little higher up. No—more to the left. An inch to the left. An inch, darn it all!"

"What now, dearest?"

"I never knew a woman yet could estimate distance without a ruler. There! Stop right there. You got it!"

"Here?"

"Yes, Gee, Marge, it's good to be home again."

(Copyright)



So happy now,
but...

**"B.O." NEARLY
CAME BETWEEN
THEM...**



WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?

NOTHING. IT WASN'T IMPORTANT.

I'M SURE HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO PROPOSE. WHAT STOPPED HIM?

I'D HATE TO THINK I HAD "B.O." JUST TO PLAY SAFE. I'LL TAKE DAILY LIFEBOUOY BATHS



SOMETIME LATER

DARLING, YOU'RE SO SWEET AND LOVABLE

SHE THINKS—AND I'M ALWAYS GOING TO STAY THAT WAY

Be sure of yourself —use LIFEBOUOY

Offend only once and the bad impression you make may be lasting. Millions know that Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B.O." And the same famous health ingredient that makes Lifebuoy so refreshing makes it extra mild. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.

LIFEBOUOY NOW IN 2 FORMS
Regular or Super-milled

A LEVER PRODUCT

3-345-19

Signs of a cold? Then do this!

The usual warnings of a cold are sneezing and a tickling or soreness in the throat and base of nose. At the first sign of any of these symptoms rub the chest and throat well with a liberal supply of HEARNES GLO-RUB. Stir half a teaspoonful into a cup of boiling water and deeply inhale the vapour. It is best to do this at bedtime and then, while you sleep, GLO-RUB will stop that cold before it really begins. 2/- a jar at all Chemists.



GLO-RUB

"BREATHE IT IN
AND THE COLD
WON'T BEGIN!"

R. S. HEARNES & COMPANY LTD., GEORGE, VIC.

Women Also Serve

Will exhibit tiny replica of film star's home for war funds

A CHARMING little dolls' house, a replica of the home of a famous Hollywood film star, has just been made by Mrs. Keith McEwin, of South Australia.

It will shortly be exhibited at Balaklava, where Mrs. McEwin lives, and later in Victorian country districts, to aid Women's Defence Service funds.

This is the fifth dolls' house Mrs. McEwin has made and shown to raise money for charity.

Attractive color effects are a feature. The house is painted cream with scarlet touches outlining the modern sun roof and wide sun windows and balconies.

The drawing-room has the decor carried out in soft pink; the dining-room is brown and gold with modern glass tops on the dining-room table and auto-tray. The bedroom upstairs has ruffled blue curtains at its windows, and everything else to match.

No detail is forgotten. The diminutive music stool screws up and down. Tiny pictures on the walls are hand-painted. Little bedside lamps, which are ingeniously made of golf tees and filigree buttons, will light.

Mrs. McEwin has also made charming grounds around her house. Pink and yellow roses bloom in small flower beds bordered with hollyhocks in the front. A dovecot at the back overlooks a chicken coop where there are six little fluffy yellow chicks, and even a hen sitting on her nest.

Guarding the house is a little fox terrier in front of a bright red kennel.



MRS. K. McEWIN has her dolls' house ready for exhibition.

Gallipoli Legion Auxiliary arranges sock competition

TO arouse further interest in the Gallipoli Legion War Auxiliary, Sydney, a competition is being arranged.

Mrs. J. M. Budd, secretary of the auxiliary, said that a prize has been given for the best pair of socks presented to the organisation by June 30. There is no entry fee.

Recently the auxiliary moved to new premises at 92 Pitt Street.

Girl Guides show lead in thrift campaign

TO show that even a sugar bag need not be wasted, South Australian Kingston Girl Guides, led by their captain, Miss Betty Legoe, are turning out many useful and artistic articles made of sacking.

This is in connection with the thrift campaign which is one of the war efforts of the South Australian Guides' Association.

A horse rug, which is one of the most novel things they make, has been bought by Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey. It is made of three sacks heavily bound around the edges with wool worked in a close buttonhole-stitch. The straps are made of brown leather tanned by one of the Guides.

A saddlebag dyed blue, with a horsehoe worked on it, and a mail-bag complete with key and ring are two other articles the girls have made.

For a baby there is a tiny swing with square sides and little holes for his legs to go through, while for an older brother are vivid Indian suits bristling with feathers.

Artistic shopping and sewing bags, a worked bedspread, apron, chair and stool covers are among things which will do for any housekeeper.

Schoolgirls give up sports to knit for soldiers

SO keen are the pupils of St. Aidan's Girls' School, Brisbane, to do their share of war work that they give up their sports during luncheon hour to knit and sew for the troops.

Sometimes a school friend is permitted to read aloud to them, but they are determined that their knitting must not be disturbed.

Mrs. E. A. Hartland, principal of the school, said that the girls have achieved an amazing amount of varied work this term.

At present they are knitting scarves, mittens, socks and cardigans for the Seamen's Mission, using navy-blue wool which they provide themselves.

Every Monday after school they hold a special knitting and packing bee, when parcels they have made are packed for despatch to headquarters of the Comforts Fund or the Red Cross.

Gifts also are sent to relatives who are in camp.

To establish a city home and canteen for Air Force men

"A HOME for airmen when on leave," is the description given by Mrs. J. V. Fairbairn, president, and Lady Brookes of Air Force House, which will open in Market St., Melbourne, this month.

One whole floor of the building has been obtained at the nominal rental of £200 a year, and provision will be made for fifty beds, with a large sitting-room to be used also as a recreation room.

There will also be a canteen, organised by Mrs. Alex Russell and Mrs. R. Turnbull, which will serve light meals and be run by volunteers working three-hour shifts or four-hour shifts.

To work for both furnishings and maintenance funds, there is a "Ways and Means" committee, with Lady Brookes as president, and Dame Eild Lyons, Lady Knox, Mrs. Charles Cunningham and Mrs. Harold Darling as vice-presidents.

Immediately the committee was formed, Lady Brookes received promises from interested friends, to collect easy chairs which, with cushions, are needed. Other sympathisers have made donations for furnishing the dormitories. Beds in these dormitories will cost £7 each, and already many have been promised.

Entertainment and information for men from other States will be provided by the Victoria League, which will also find hostesses for their week-ends in town, and Victorian women journalists have undertaken to run a reading and writing room at Air Force House.



MRS. J. V. FAIRBAIRN and Lady Brookes inspect plans for Air Force House.

Conceal blemishes the Film Star way

Stop "shiny-nose" and make-up "flake"

YOU may have the personality of a screen star, but if a chin blemish mars your appearance people will want to pass you by. Yet it is so simple to conceal all kinds of skin blemishes with COVERSPOT. Use it like a face cream and the result is an unmarred complexion all day long. COVERSPOT does not fade or easily rub off, and cannot be detected.

COVERSPOT is equally good as an all-over make-up. Stops "nose-shine" and make-up "flake." Gives unruffled evenness—makes powder cling hours longer. Effectively conceals uneven sunburn and freckles on face, neck, shoulders, back, etc. Prevents windburn, too, if applied before spending a day outdoors.

Get some two-day—Four shades. Per jar 2/6. Trial size 1/6. From chemists and stores or direct from TASIA COSMETICS PTY. LTD., Box 4211X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action, if you have symptoms of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Cerebral aches, Burning, Itching, Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicine can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and cleanse raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 13 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Rex Thomas, Tewantin, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back and to wake day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back
Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 21 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/6, 4/6, 8/6.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

All it needs is -



Here's a sauce that's made to go with any and every meat dish you serve. Lockett's Ama-ki Sauce has an entirely NEW flavour... a suggestion of tomato—or worcester—or even chutney... plus something EXTRA that no other condiment gives you.

Ama-ki's excellent, too, for soups and gravies, for sandwiches and savouries—for everything, in fact, that calls for an unusual added zest of flavour.

Ama-ki is the one sauce you really can't afford to be without in your kitchen!

★ Try this easy AMA-KI Recipe—Soak a lamb's fry in salt and water for 1 hour; drain off and put through mincer with 3 rashers bacon, 1 onion, little thyme, 1 tablespoon AMA-KI SAUCE, salt and pepper. Mix well and mould into roll; dip in flour, then egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep boiling fat till brown.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 MINUTES



WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories Apply New 'VEET' straight from the tube. Wash off with water and you wash away every trace of hair. No unpleasant smell. No mess or bother. Skin is left soft, white and velvety smooth. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves. Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern, clean, quick and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New 'VEET'. At all chemists and stores. 2/6 and 4/6 (double size). Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET' or money refunded.

New White VEET Removes HAIR



BEAUTIFUL SPY AMONG the REFUGEES



HENRY NEWMAN, former Australian soldier who married a Belgian during the last war. With his wife and daughter Muriel he lived in Brussels for the last ten years.



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Muriel Newman, Australian refugee from Belgium, who met a Nazi spy during her escape to England.

Adelaide girl tells of discovery on boat from Belgium

By Airmail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A refugee from Belgium, fifteen-year-old Muriel Newman, of Adelaide, arrived this week in London with her parents after nightmare adventures in the trek from her ruined home to the safety of England.

Bombed and machine-gunned by Nazis as they drove from Brussels to the coast Muriel saw thousands and thousands of pitiful refugees wheeling their few possessions from derelict homes.

FROM Ostend she joined the long columns of Belgian women and children walking along the coastline to France, slept in the open for three days and nights and finally, after a week on the road, embarked for England.

"But my adventures weren't over when we went on the ship," she said, "for, though we foiled the Nazis and came safely across the Channel, a 'fifth-columner' had managed to board the ship with us, and, in fact, shared my cabin."

"She was very beautiful, fair, well dressed and extremely charming."

"I thought how lucky mother and I were to have such an attractive and pleasant companion."

"It wasn't long, however, before we noticed one or two peculiarities about her."

"She wouldn't face the light, and when the inspection of our papers started she made excuses to go here, there and everywhere on the ship."

"A little later on she was tracked down and her papers examined, and we then felt sure there must be something the matter, for she grew most defiant in her attitude. Scowls replaced her former bright smiles, and instead of cheery inconsequential chatter, she greeted our remarks with terse, rather rude replies."

Marched away

"SHORTLY after this she was arrested and, frowning her head in the air, marched away in most soldierly fashion."

Muriel Newman is a student of chemistry and speaks three languages.

She had lived in Brussels for the past ten years.

Her mother is Belgian and met her father during the last war when Brussels was occupied by Germans, and she was a refugee on her way to safety in Switzerland.

"Most of the boys at college with me in Brussels were in the Carabiniers," said Muriel.

"It is a cyclists' corps in which they trained in their spare time."

"We never for a moment thought that Belgium would be invaded again, for though there was not a large army, we thought it would hold the Germans back."

"I don't know where any of my class-mates are now, but I heard the rattle of machine-guns as planes swooped on the streets and moved down the boys on their bicycles as they went to headquarters to report on the day of the invasion."

Muriel still has in her pocket the directions for knitting a woollen balaclava, which she had been making the day before the invasion.

blackout
and then what?

DO you snuggle down and sleep like a babe . . . or do you start a tussle with the bumps, curves and eccentricities of an out-of-date mattress? When you ARE asleep, is your body completely relaxed or are your muscles being herded and hounded by an unrelenting wire mattress and a bed which is as out-of-date as a cuckoo clock? It's time you bought yourself a Netsonia "Sleeper"; high time you gave yourself the health-building luxury of the one bed in Australia which is scientifically designed for restful sleep; the unique bed upon a bed. Go and see it. Go and lie on it. Be prepared to pay a little more for it than you'd pay for an ordinary bed . . . but also be prepared for the finest investment you ever made.



SPRINGS SPRUNG ON SPRINGS

Beds which require a wire mattress are NOT Netsonia Sleepers. The Netsonia Sleeper consists of TWO body-resting units which lie one upon the other . . . a superb inner-spring mattress on a luxuriously sprung undercarriage . . . the ONLY sleep-inducing, double-unit bed in the Commonwealth. Write to us if there's argument: Nettleton Son and Company, 537 Kent Street, Sydney. We'll supply the name of a nearby retailer.

THE NETSONIA
Sleeper RGD.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

NETTLETON SON & COMPANY, 537 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.



ONLY the Netsonia "Sleeper" has a luxuriously sprung undercarriage. No wire mattress, or wooden platform is necessary. But beware of imitations consisting merely of two mattresses placed one over the other.

Woman who adopted two war orphans

"They have given me nothing but happiness"

By MARGARET SIMPSON

Hundreds of Australians are offering homes to child refugees from Britain and Europe orphaned by the war.

Hundreds of others are anxious to do the same. To these women I would like to say: "Go right ahead!" I've had nothing but happiness from the two children I adopted during the last war.

I WAS thirty years old, childless and living in England when I adopted Harry and Rex. I had noticed that the happiest women were those who had a family, so I decided to adopt the children. I was also shocked by the plight of the children in wartime.

The children's father was killed in France, their mother had died of influenza, and the youngsters were in charge of a neighbor.

I found them in a poverty-stricken home. They were dirty, underfed, and poorly clad, and they were both very sick with heavy colds.

The eldest, three years old, was emaciated and sallow. He had obviously been under-nourished since birth.

His baby brother was in even worse condition.

My heart sank. How could even the most devoted care ever build them up to normal good health?

Shy — at first

THE two little boys stared at me, and the woman asked them how they would like me to be their mother.

The eldest came over to me and shyly took my hand.

"I like her," he said softly, and I surrendered completely.

I rushed to my husband's office, told him the story, and rushed him back to see the children.

We found them at their meal—of tinned food. He took the baby, grubby-faced and in his dirty clothes, in his arms, and the baby would not leave him even to finish his meal.

We took the necessary steps for legal adoption, and I spent a day of whirlwind excitement shopping for our new family. I bought huge stocks of clothes, bedding, and food, throwing my lifelong thrift habits overboard.

When we collected the boys their faces lighted with joy.

I shall never forget their first night

in our home, and how they ate and cried for more.

Then my husband got down on the floor and romped with them. They laughed till they cried.

Almost instantly they had forgotten the father, who was but a memory to them, and the misery of the first home they had known.

Next day we launched our health programme.

First, I put them on a diet to combat malnutrition. For the first time they tasted fresh milk, green vegetables and orange juice.

The change in them was miraculously quick. Their ribs filled out, they lost their waxen pallor, their eyes brightened and the chronic colds disappeared.

Then we had to start on their sleeping habits. They had previously slept in a stuffy, airless room. I put them out on a sleeping porch. I bought specially warm, light blankets, and arranged the blinds to let in plenty of air but no draughts.

They spent most of the day in the open air and as the weather grew warmer I gradually reduced their clothing till they played only in sunsuits.

Besides good food, rest, exercise and sunshine there was one more factor in their rehabilitation—mental hygiene.

We wanted them to feel secure and happy, so we never missed the chance of assuring them that we loved and needed them, that they were with us for ever.

As their sense of security deepened their happiness increased and our house always rang with laughter.

Now they are grown-up, fine strapping young men with wives and children of their own.

We are still "Mother" and "Dad" to them, as close in affection and understanding as if we had really been their parents. And we are as genuinely "Grandma" and "Grandpa" to their children as if they were really our own third generation.



ORPHAN OF WAR. Thousands of children have been orphaned by the destruction that has swept over Europe.

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one table-spoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Congested nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dripping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Too Fat for Comfort

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health-giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Leo O. Siegel, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tablets at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed Aluminous Bath Salts are used as well for drastic reduction. 2/- each, 10/6 for 4 baths, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth.

FREE for Sunlight Soap Users

Large, long-wearing
GLASSCLOTHS
for 24 WRAPPER-TOPS
FROM ONLY 8
SUNLIGHT CARTONS

No more glassware left smeared and fluffy! A few quick wipes with a big thirsty cloth like this and your tumblers sparkle. These glasscloths are pure Irish Linen... dry perfectly because they're both smooth and absorbent. Size—23" x 32". White—with coloured side stripes... red, blue, green or gold! Save up your Sunlight wrapper-tops—only 24 for a Pure Irish Linen Glasscloth!

GET THESE TOO!

BATH TOWEL
White Admiralty or Coloured—23" x 46".
45 wrapper-tops from only 15 Sunlight cartons.

PILLOWSLIP
Embroidered and hemstitched—21" x 31½".
36 wrapper-tops from only 12 Sunlight cartons.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—size in each carton). Take these to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT
147 YORK ST. (Town Hall End), SYDNEY.
If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper, your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to:—**SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT**, LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED, BOX 4510 Y.N., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT: Unwritten conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

MANY OTHER FINE GIFTS AVAILABLE

Write to above address for full Gift List



THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN have been evacuated from crowded districts in England. War may rob many of them of their parents.



Permanent Waving By EXPERTS

Sculptured Curls... short and swathed... in fact, newer and smarter hair styles are achieved, when your Permanent Wave has been done by Sister Vimard's experts.

END Curls 12/6. Complete Permans 21/-.

Sister VIMARD

Phone, MA4208. 139 (3rd Floor), King St., Sydney.



The glass is one of a set of three etched Crown Crystal Glass Goblets available for 24 Sunlight Wrapper-tops from 8 cartons. (Freight and packing 1d.). Water Jug to match, 45 Sunlight Wrapper-tops from 15 cartons. (Packing and freight 1/-).

Fight off COLDS & FLU

They're not inevitable after all... not with Saunders' Malt & Oil for an ally! PROTECTION is what you need... and protection is what Saunders' will give you, for it contains Vitamins A, B, and D, and valuable concentrated food minerals, to fight in your defence. After each meal, take a spoonful of Saunders' Malt & Oil!

with
SAUNDERS' MALT & OIL



HUNDREDS OF WOMEN have registered with the Women's Voluntary Register in the past few weeks.

WANTED—compulsory census of woman-power!

ALREADY thousands of women throughout Australia have registered their names for national service with the Women's Voluntary Register.

During the past few weeks there has been a big increase in the number of women offering their services, especially for clerical work, in a voluntary capacity after their ordinary office hours.

Between 7000 and 8000 women have registered in N.S.W. More than 6000 have registered

It's the only way to get the best out of our war work

By A BUSINESS WOMAN

Why not a compulsory woman-power census? Hundreds of women like myself, eager and willing to do war-work, are asking this question.

their names in Queensland, the majority for canteen, comforts, and transport work.

But as this register is voluntary

there are hundreds of women whose services for various reasons have not yet been made available.

There are nearly 2,000,000 women between the ages of 15 and 50 in Australia.

Many of these women are prevented by family and domestic responsibilities from doing anything more than knitting and sewing for soldier or nurse relatives in their spare time, so they have not registered their names with the Women's Voluntary Register.

But with a complete census of all of us it might be possible to provide domestic help for many of these women who have so far been unable to make their special qualifications in factory, professional, or administrative work available.

The comprehensive nature of a woman-power census would make it possible to avoid a wide-scale disorganisation of industry after the war.

Women for special wartime jobs could be recruited from those prepared to do only temporary emergency work while the war lasted. These would present no problem when male workers returned to resume their peacetime work.

Not comprehensive

BECAUSE the Voluntary Register does not include every woman in Australia, the country may not be able to make fullest use of its woman-power.

There are hundreds of women who, because they are dependent on their own earnings, have not registered because they are under the impression that the register is for voluntary workers only.

While they are prepared to give up their jobs for war work, even at a lower salary than their present one, they cannot afford to do purely

voluntary work except in their spare time.

Then there is an enormous body of married women, many of them soldiers' wives, who would be prepared to go back to their pre-marriage jobs or to special wartime jobs for which they might have qualifications, but are diffident about offering their services, believing that their years away from office or factory have made them less efficient.

Others may be partly qualified for some of the various occupations listed by the register and would be prepared to take a course to perfect their knowledge, paying fees if necessary, if they could be assured that their services would be used either on a voluntary basis or at a wartime wage.

And in spite of wide publicity given to the register there are some women who still do not know of its existence or have only the vaguest idea of its aims.

Splendid service

THE women who have organised and staffed the offices of the Voluntary Register in each State are doing a splendid national service, but a complete census would make their work of even greater value.

With a complete census of all of us the Government would know exactly how many women it could call upon for different kinds of emergency war work. It would know in advance in which branches of war effort there was a shortage of women available and could ask for women volunteers to take special training.

Should the refugee problem become more acute a woman-power census would provide a survey of the vast army of efficient home-workers who could be invited to co-operate in providing shelter and food for other women's children.

The list of occupations in the Voluntary Register enrolment form is comprehensive enough to include every branch of women's work, if every woman registered.

FAMILY CHARMED BY HIS LOVELY FIANCEE!



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MAKE sure of loveliness through skin health—with Rexona Medicated Soap. Its medication corrects a dull skin and beauty a normal one.

Cady, compound of medications, guards against blemishes. Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cady. This highly protective

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EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and soften and heal.

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ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Wonderful Rexona skin treatment.

If blemishes don't yield quickly use Rexona Ointment with Rexona Soap. This healing combination ends all blemishes.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



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Write for a free booklet on this subject, post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 2515 BB, G.P.O. Sydney.

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Left. Clinging wool jersey frock, 4 lined skirt, of vivid Taffeta. Blue, black, green. Sizes SSW. to W. 39/11

Right. Attractive brushed wool turban in a host of beautiful colours. 3/11

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Remember that you cannot hope to cut a good figure eight on the ice unless you yourself are a trim, well-dressed figure. You will be the belle of the rink if you wear our skating clothes

Right. Bright tartan, full stitched umbrella skirt. Tailored top, briefs. In SSW. to W. 2 piece. 42/-

Right. Twin set. Jersey cardigan, laces waist and cuffs. Slinkie reversible, plain or striped. Scarlet/white, gold/white, grey/white, navy. Cardigan at 9/11. Slinkie, 4/11

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It's a revelation! Crammed into the one exciting book, minute, beautiful illustrations and keys to the world's freshest fashions. It means a lot to know your clothes are the smartest and newest procurable. Farmer's has the actual patterns. Book, 1/9

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Purest Bristles. Strongly, smartly encased

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A sensational saving! on beautifully made, faultlessly balanced golf clubs in the best-grade materials. Designed specially for ladies; in a handsome canvas bag, leather trimmed, 3 irons, wood.



Hand-forged, good steel head.

Persimmon head, cutaway sole.

Fine-quality, sheathed, steel

Sports Goods, Lower Ground; Freight extra.

- An unbeatable value
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NOW REDUCED

Sophisticated little blouses, as daintily feminine as milady's hanky. Tailored in a crisp, delicate quality georgette.

Usually at 7/11 and 8/11

That was their original price, and at that they were good buying. Very prettily finished, tacked and trimmed.

Now at 5/11 and 6/11

This first saving is in S.S.W., S.W., W. The bigger price, O.S. Ground Floor.



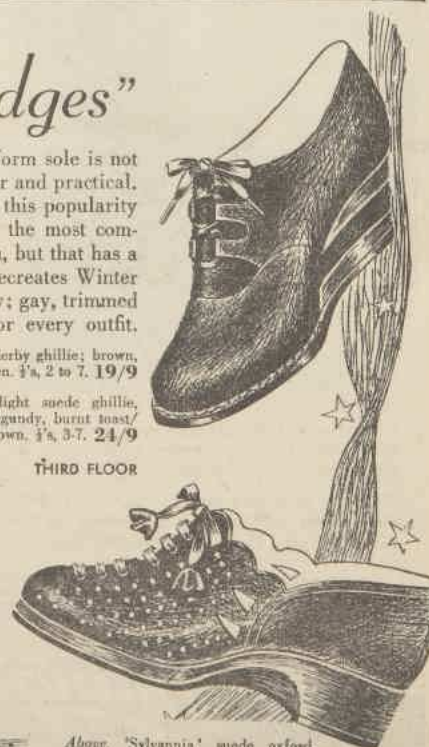
New "Wedges"

The wedge heel with the platform sole is not just another craze. It's popular and practical. We don't for a moment think this popularity is because the wedge shoe is the most comfortable thing we've ever worn, but that has a lot to do with it. Farmer's recreates Winter wedges in a huge range variety; gay, trimmed sueded, light and durable, for every outfit.

Top. 'Arizona', derby ghillie; brown, navy, black, green. 4's, 2 to 7. 19/9

Left. 'Boston' light suede ghillie, leather-trim, burgundy, burnt toast/brown, green/brown. 4's, 3-7. 24/9

THIRD FLOOR



Above. 'Sylvania', suede oxford. Blue/grey, brown. 4's, 24-7. 24/9

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ THE STARS LOOK DOWN

(Week's Best Release)

Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood. (Gaumont-British.)

BASED ON A. J. Cronin's novel about Welsh miners, this is a moving and starkly realistic drama. Coal mines and a poverty-stricken mining village make a grim setting for the action.

Cronin's original has been adapted freely.

The film is the story of a young pitman (Michael Redgrave) who discards political aims and the welfare of his class to take up an academic career.

Domestic upheaval brings disillusion, and when a mine disaster occurs he gives up his scholastic ambitions and devotes himself to Parliament and the betterment of the miners' lot.

The climax, a grim and vivid coal-face disaster, is one of the most stirring passages ever screened.

Michael Redgrave gives an impassioned portrayal of the young idealist, David Fenwick.

Margaret Lockwood, as David's selfish, shallow-minded wife, and Emyl Williams, as Joe Gowan, David's unscrupulous, invidious enemy, are excellent.—State; showing.

★★★ FOR FREEDOM

Will Fyffe, officers and men of H.M.S. Exeter and Ajax. (Gaumont-British.)

"FOR FREEDOM" is a fascinating and inspiring film.

Men and officers of English ships engaged in the Battle of the River Plate and in the rescue of British seamen from the Altmark are its heroes.

This film was made with the co-

operation of the British Admiralty. Many of the seamen re-enact their own experiences.

The Graf Spee and Altmarm victories are the highlights. You will thrill to the exploits of New Zealand's H.M.S. Achilles, of the Exeter and Ajax crews, and of imprisoned merchant captains.

The screen has not given us anything so robustly stirring as this magnificent reconstruction of real-life events with living heroes.

As a prologue to these stirring achievements "For Freedom" gives the story of Hitlerism from its beginnings.

A fictional character, played by Will Fyffe, links the episodes of history.

As an old Scotch newsreel chief who must be first with the news Fyffe is amusing and natural.

But the man who steals this picture is handsome Captain Pat Dove, of the tanker Africa Shell.

Dove was attacked and captured by the Graf Spee (flying a French flag), and for twenty-nine days was a prisoner under hatches. He is a very likeable and gallant person and is completely at home on the screen.

I would rather see him than Clark Gable any day.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ JOHNNY APOLLO

Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THIS underworld-prison melodrama gives you plenty of active excitement—and an unexpectedly sound performance from Tyrone Power.

Acting of all the players is, in fact, superior to the rather confusing story.

Tyrone plays a University student whose father, Edward Arnold, is sent to jail for embezzlement.

Tyrone joins an underworld gang

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

(headed by Lloyd Nolan) in an attempt to get his father paroled.

Father misunderstands son's motives, and Tyrone, embittered, turns in earnest to a life of crime.

Those two reliable troupers, Edward Arnold and Lloyd Nolan, are excellent. They make the most of every scene.

Dorothy Lamour, as Nolan's girl friend, who falls in love with Tyrone, does well enough.

As a singer in the night-club centre of Nolan's dubious activities, she sings a couple of songs in the conventional Lamour manner. — Plaza; showing.

★ STRONGER THAN DESIRE

Walter Pidgeon, Virginia Bruce. (MGM.)

THIS is a remake of "Evelyn Prentice," with Virginia Bruce and Walter Pidgeon in the roles played by Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dull in spots, lively in others, it adds up to just an average courtroom and drawing-room melodrama.

Story is the old, old one about the busy husband (Walter Pidgeon) and the neglected wife (Virginia Bruce).

Virginia, bored and lonely, has a mild flirtation with unscrupulous Lee Bowman, who blackmails her. In a scuffle, Virginia shoots him.

Bowman's wife, Ann Dvorak, is

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



arrested for the murder, so Virginia, keeping her part in the killing to herself, persuades her lawyer husband to take on the defence.

Walter Pidgeon, well cast as the preoccupied lawyer, gives a warmer performance than usual. So does

Virginia Bruce, who, by the way, wears a series of luxurious gowns.

Ann Dvorak and Lee Bowman are excellent.—Lyceum and Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ (plus) Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. St. James and Liberty, 8th week.

★★★ French Without Tears. Ray Milland, Ellen Drew in delightful sophisticated modern comedy. Prince Edward, 7th week.

★★ The Primrose Path. Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea in sombre melodrama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ Virginia City. Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins in exciting frontier adventure. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ The Life of Nina Petrovna. Isa Miranda, Fernand Gravet in a good, emotional romance. Savoy, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

AMERICAN film actor Robert Montgomery has gone to France as an ambulance driver with the American Field Service.

Montgomery left Hollywood earlier this year to complete his English film, "Busman's Honey-moon," which was started in the MGM British studios before the war.

MGM has given him leave of absence from his contract.

ALL Hollywood has been deeply moved by the sudden death of Walter Connolly. Fifty-three-year-old character actor.

Connolly died of apoplexy after only ten days' illness.

He leaves a wife, the former stage actress, Nedda Harrigan, and a fifteen-year-old daughter.

Connolly's most recent film was the Paramount musical, "The Great Victor Herbert," in which he had the title role.

THE Errol Flynns have patched up their difficulties. Errol has returned home to Lili, remarking only that he "got tired of living in a hotel."

WARNER BROS. have decided to separate the Lane sisters, so far as their screen careers are concerned, except for one annual reunion in a sequel to "Four Daughters." In 1940 this will be "Four Mothers."

Lola is now working at another studio, and Rosemary and Priscilla, though remaining at Warners, will work separately. Priscilla is being given more dramatic roles, while Rosemary concentrates on comedy.

WARNERS ordered Pat O'Brien to take off about twenty-five pounds in weight in preparation for his portrayal of Knute Rockne, famous American football coach.

Pat dieted for weeks and had almost reached his goal when he was called in for tests. After viewing the tests studio chiefs decided he looked too thin, and would have to put back the lost pounds!

IN "Rebecca," Joan Fontaine wears clothes which cost the studio a total of £16. But the Rebecca, who never appears in the picture, cost the studio £9000 in clothes, with a chinchilla coat appraised at \$6250.

This costly wardrobe will be shown on the screen for a fleeting moment.

AMAZING STORY from the SOUTH SEAS



Here's news, good news, for all who suffer from rheumatism. A South Sea Islands Trader tells how he ended his "terrific pain" by taking De Witt's Pills.

Mr. C. D. E., a Justice of the Peace, says:—"I suffered terrific pain in my back, arms and shoulders from Lumbago and Rheumatism. Someone suggested De Witt's Pills. I took them and honestly got relief the next day and now am absolutely cured. I am 60 and have had no return of the complaint."

Rheumatism is due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys fail to remove waste matter, poisons and impurities—especially uric acid—from the system. As these poisons accumulate, razor-edged uric acid crystals settle in the muscles and joints, making them stiff and painful. Your back aches and you are seldom free from pain.

De Witt's Pills overcome rheumatism because they are made specially to aid weak kidneys. In 24 hours you see and feel they are doing you good.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/6.



Wise parents are making sure of their children's early Pianoforte training by the purchase of an instrument designed to help and foster that training.

Take the first step NOW! . . . Call at PALING'S Piano Showrooms and see the fine array of sensibly priced Pianos offered there for your selection.

Searching for young Australian talent, the "GATEWAY TO FAME"—PALING'S one hour session over Station 2SM every Friday night at 9 p.m. . . . TUNE IN this most interesting and enjoyable 60 minute presentation—Station 2SM.

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The Movie World

June 15, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page



Alice Faye is facing life ALONE

SINCE HER DIVORCE SHE HAS JUST CONCENTRATED ANEW ON HER CAREER

• Alice Faye, lovely blonde of Twentieth Century-Fox films, who divorced her husband, Tony Martin, recently. Alice is now acquiring a polish she used to lack.

• As Lilian Russell, in the film of that name, Alice Faye has Don Ameche as one of the men in her life, a contrast to her real life situation of the moment.

Alice Faye's career has taken on a new importance since her divorce from husband Tony Martin.

It took Alice a long time to accept the fact that she had really arrived in her film career.

She could never forget that her childhood was spent in the sordid slums of New York City and she couldn't banish the bog of possible failure.

It's only recently that she overcame all this and let her really big successes put to flight a bad inferiority complex.

By this time she was so far from the slums that she lived in a swanky mansion in Beverly Hills, had money to burn, and a handsome husband in the person of Tony Martin, singer and band conductor.

But, with her marriage having broken up, Hollywood is wondering how she will face up to life alone.

By **JOHN B. DAVIES,**
in New York

On the happiness of that marriage much of her new confidence was founded, and her well-wishers are hoping that confidence won't receive a serious setback.

At first it seemed that Alice and Tony were ideally suited to each other—beautiful, blonde Alice; dark, handsome Tony, both gay, both singers, young, successful.

For a while, Tony's career failed to keep pace with his wife's. Alice cheered him on, and remained loyal to him, but it must have been hard on Tony.

Of late, however, he hit his stride in radio work, and there again arose the old problem of two big careers under one roof. It didn't work.

Alice has had to fight so much of her life that a new battle won't defeat her easily.

With her personal happiness interrupted, she already shows signs of determination to concentrate more firmly on her career.

She is taking steps that will give her the extra polish she lacks.

She never forgets her humble origin, and until recently was almost aggressive in the way she called it to people's attention.

Kept her accent

HER speech retained overtones of New Yorkese, and it was her pleasure to go into the most elegant night club of swank Hollywood and order up a dish of plain Irish stew.

She's changing that. She is willing to improve her speech, and is even going in for culture.

She buys all the latest books, and reads them, too, so that she may be posted on current happenings. She is also taking lessons in diction.

Alice realises that she must take her work seriously if she is to hold on to her high rank. When working on a picture she eats lightly and goes to bed early, for she knows she must look her best before the camera.

Perhaps in this new effort she'll find balm for a damaged heart.



Rosalind Russell
SHARES THIS secret WITH YOU!

Rosalind Russell
M.G.M. Star

There's something DIFFERENT about the Make-up created by Max Factor ★ Hollywood

for the Stars of motion pictures. The secret is Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in PERSONALIZED Color Harmony shades to blend with your own individual complexion. Once you try this amazing new kind of Make-up, you'll choose Max Factor's exclusively, just like the Stars! Note coupon below for valuable service.

Max Factor Normalizing Cleansing Cream
(THE PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM)

"Agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

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The POWDER
Satin-smooth, it softens the beauty of your skin and stays on for hours.



The ROUGE
Blends easily and gives life-like touch of colour to your cheeks without being obvious.



The LIPSTICK
Super-indelible and moisture-proof, it accents the appeal of lovely lips.

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Artists, Sydney, Australia send Max Factor personal Rouge Samples and Lipstick palette. I enclose coupons in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Makeup chart and 16-page illustrated instruction book "The New Art of Society Makeup" by Max Factor.

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| NAME | COMPLEXION | EYES | HAIR | SKIN |
|------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| | Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/> | BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/> | Oily <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Fair <input type="checkbox"/> | Grey <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Chlo <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> | Normal <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Medium <input type="checkbox"/> | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| | Bruise <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Moss <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Sallow <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | REDBLOND <input type="checkbox"/> | Oily <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | LASHES | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE |
| | Office <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | |



• Candid camera shot of Alice and her ex-husband Tony Martin at the hand-holding stage.



• English David Niven in uniform of an officer of the Highland Light Infantry. This picture was taken in London outside the church just before his brother's wedding early this year.

Home with the mailbags

DAVID NIVEN gives an amusing account of how he managed to get to England.

He came by a devious route—to Italy by liner, then by plane across the border into France.

Paris passed him on to the British R.A.F.

There, says Niven, he found himself surrounded by types straight out of "The Dawn Patrol."

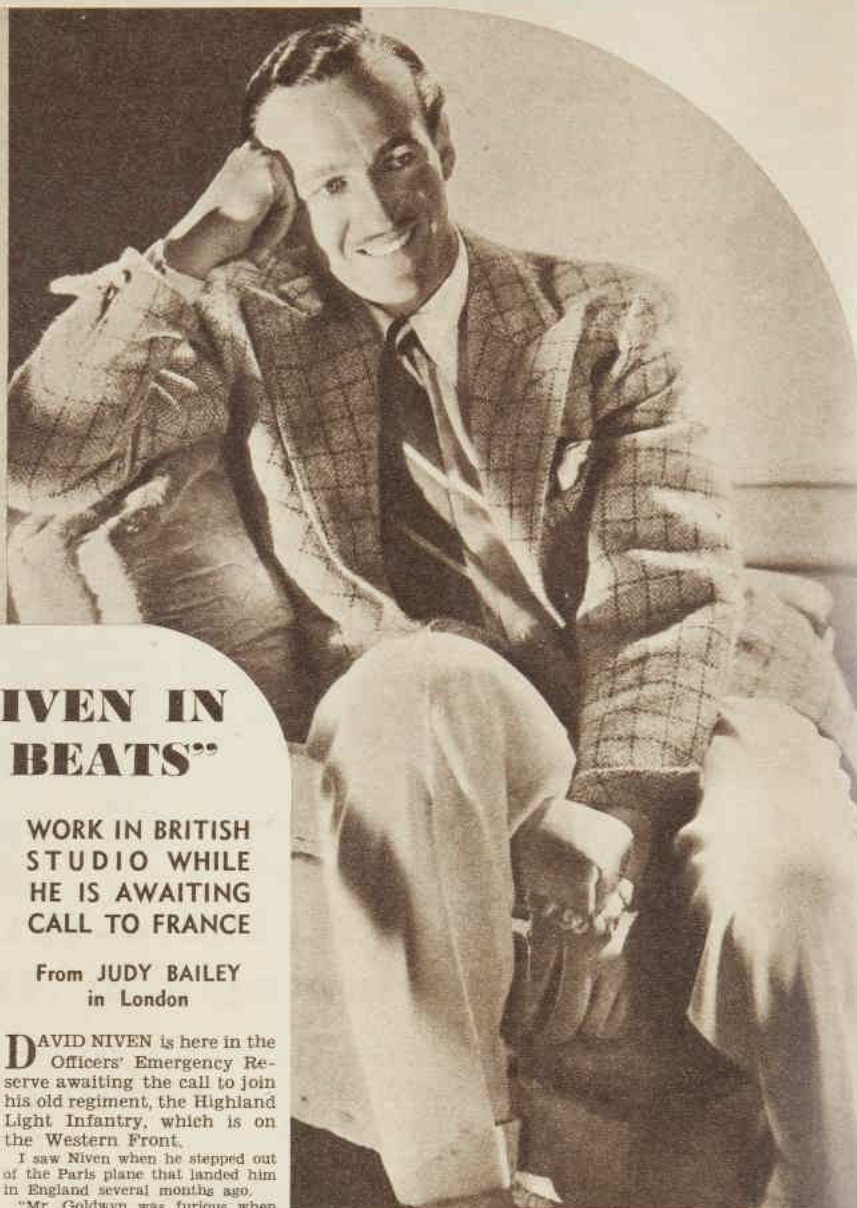
"I remembered what we used to say at Sandhurst about actors who played in war films.

"I wondered what they were thinking of me.

"But they couldn't have been nicer."

When he told them how anxious he was to get to England, they stowed him on a bomber plane leaving Paris for London that night.

He arrived chin deep in mail.



DAVID NIVEN IN "HEART BEATS"

WORK IN BRITISH STUDIO WHILE HE IS AWAITING CALL TO FRANCE

From JUDY BAILEY in London

DAVID NIVEN is here in the Officers' Emergency Reserve awaiting the call to join his old regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, which is on the Western Front.

I saw Niven when he stepped out of the Paris plane that landed him in England several months ago.

"Mr. Goldwyn was furious when I told him I was leaving Hollywood," Niven told me.

"In England, they asked me not to come."

"But I was trained as a soldier, and I feel my place is with my regiment."

Part of David's excitement was obviously due to the lovely presence of Ursula Kenyon-Slaney, granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, to whom Niven announced his engagement a few weeks later.

The next time I saw David Niven he was in uniform—walking down a London street on his way to his West End club.

Ban lifted

SOMEHOW he had got round the English authorities to lift the ban against him as an actor joining the fighting forces.

While waiting to be called up, Niven has agreed to make a film "somewhere in England" under the production guidance of Leslie Howard.

The title of the film will be "Heart Beats," an English version of the latest Danielle Darrieux French film. Darrieux will co-star in this film.

So opens a new chapter in the colorful history of this adventurous, unpredictable young Scotsman.

Niven is the son of the late General William Graham Niven and Lady Comyn-Platt.

Intended for an army career Niven went to Sandhurst, secured a commission, then spent five years with his regiment in Malta.

Wary of military life in peace time he went to New York, ready for anything.

There he became a pony race promoter, then a salesman travelling in wine, following this up with a spot of gun-running in Cuba.

Finally he landed in Hollywood with a letter to Loretta Young. Loretta introduced him to Robert Montgomery.

It was through Bob that he got

• What does the future hold for him? A typical study of Niven, who is planning to make an English film, "Heart Beats," with Danielle Darrieux. Leslie Howard will produce this picture.

to the historic party where he met Samuel Goldwyn.

He accepted Goldwyn's offer of a Hollywood job at £10 a week—for fun.

But at the end of four years he was getting £100 a week. His producer, Samuel Goldwyn, valued him so highly that he refused a lucrative offer for Niven's services for the film "Beau Geste."

I can remember seeing Niven for the first time on the screen in "Dodsworth." He was the sophisticated young man who made wicked love to Mrs. Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) on the liner bound for Europe.

It was a small part. I thought he was terrible. So did a number of other people.

Boyer for Valentino Role

REMEMBER "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the film which established Rudolph Valentino as the screen's foremost lover, way back in 1921?

Another fascinating Latin, Charles Boyer, is planning to revive this story and play the Valentino role.

He is negotiating with MGM Studio for the rights to the title and the story.

Boyer is at present working on the Warner's screen version of "All This and Heaven, Too," Rachel Field's best-selling novel. He plays the Duke to Bette Davis' Henrietta.

Niven at that time was very much in the news as the friend of Merle Oberon.

But few people believed he would last very long on the screen.

But I saw him in "The Dawn Patrol," and I challenge anybody to deny that Niven is a fine actor.

When this tall, blue-eyed quizzical sophisticate left Hollywood last year his fan mail was enormous.

His humor, his good breeding and his pleasing personality have won him real friends among film fans.

Niven is still getting letters from his friends in Hollywood begging him to return.

Within a short space of time, Niven became an accepted part of Hollywood life.

His witty conversation and charming manners have been in demand at parties.

He plays a good game of bridge and tennis, enjoys good music, likes dancing and having fun. His friends extend over every phase of Hollywood's society.

Surprise romance

SINCE his romance with Merle Oberon his name has been coupled with that of various well-known players—Virginia Bruce, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers and, recently, Jacqueline Dyer.

But nobody even suspected his romance with Ursula until they read a formal betrothal announcement in the English Press.

Meanwhile he is marking time in London. He snatches every opportunity to meet his fiancée, who is serving as an auxiliary nurse.

And he is working hard preparing for his picture. He wants to have it finished before he is called up.

"I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW"

No. 177—Dressing Jacket in silk and wool, 12/11.

Kayser WARMEES will keep you warm as toast. In All Wool, Wool and Silk, and two new fabrics—"Lynese" and "Koy-swede."

Vests and Knickers from 2/11 each.
Dressing jackets from 5/11

I INSIST ON

Warmees
THE NEW WINTER LINGERIE
by **KAYSER**

No. 152—Vest and No. 112 Knicker in all wool, 3/11 ea.

GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

GAY HOLLYWOOD
PARTY FOR THE
SMALL SONS AND
DAUGHTERS OF
FAMOUS PLAYERS



• Miss Judy Young, adopted daughter of Loretta Young, enjoys a little light refreshment.



• This cute little blonde is Jane Fonda, Henry's younger daughter, aged eighteen months.



• Richard Dix's shy twin boys, Robert and Richard, dressed exactly alike in Tyrolean suits and hats.



• Hostess Susan Ann Gilbert is no coy siren. Here she is with a firm right-hand grip on Rickey Arlen, son of Richard Arlen, and with her other arm round Gary Crosby, one of Bing's five sons.

• Sue Carol's daughter, Carol Ann Stuart, and Andy Devine's youngster, Tad, withdraw to a corner to "look on." Conversation is impeded by lollipop and lemonade.

MISS SUSAN ANN GILBERT, daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert, recently celebrated her sixth birthday.

Her party was held on the lawn of Virginia's beautiful Beverly Hills home one Saturday afternoon.

It was the most social affair of the season for Hollywood's youngest set. Among the guests were many small sons and daughters of famous movie actors and actresses. Most of them were under six.

Afterwards all declared they had had a marvellous time.

Amazing, New Shampoo Discovery Sweeps Aside Old-fashioned Methods



IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.



CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk.

Thrills Nation with Beautifying Results

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type foam shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant glistening halo—

Try it soon—see how beautiful YOUR hair really can be. Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. It isn't an oil! It isn't a soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before.

Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops of Colinated "foam" Shampoo and instantly you get a glorious billowy bubbly foam, five times more than soap lather. So neutral that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly, and you're through. "What," you say, "no special rinses, no vinegar, no lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No, they are NOT necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvellous

part. Colinated foam Shampoo cannot leave unrinseable film on hair to cover up natural lustre, as ordinary soap washing or powder shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean.

Doctors recommend it because its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair.

Only half a teaspoonful for a perfect shampoo... the most economical and beautiful shampoo you have ever used.

Try Colinated "foam" Shampoo at once... It costs less per shampoo. And is obtainable at all chemists and stores.

WALT DISNEY'S



Pinocchio Jiminy Cricket Geppetto. the Blue Fairy

on **KRAFT**
SWANKY-SWIG
re-usable **GLASSES**

* KRAFT SPREAD CHEESE
* KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH
* KRAFT MAYONNAISE
NOW IN THESE NEW GLASSES



JIMINY CRICKET,
the bright little fellow who is
appointed as Pinocchio's Conscience.
He's one of Walt Disney's greatest
characters. You'll find the words of his
famous little song printed on
the other side of this Kraft
Swanky-Swig glass.

"When you get in trouble
And you don't know right
from wrong,
Give a little whistle,
Give a little whistle."



PINOCCHIO,
the merry little puppet
who comes to life as a real
boy and falls headlong into
all sorts of strange and
wonderful adventures. He's
on Kraft Swanky-Swig
glasses. And here are
some of the words of the
song which Pinocchio sings
so successfully. These
actual words are printed
on the Swanky-Swig glass.

"I've no strings to hold me down,
To make me fret and frown,
I once had strings, but now
I'm free,
There are no strings on me!"

PINOCCHIO is the first and only full-length feature film Walt Disney has made since Snow White. Copyright Walt Disney.



GEPPETTO,
the kindly old wood
carver who becomes
Pinocchio's father, and
the Blue Fairy who brings
Pinocchio to life.

Geppetto sings:
"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night."



The Blue Fairy sings:
"Little puppet made of
pine
Wake! The gift of life
is thine!"



First
**YOU SERVE
OUT OF
THEM**

Then
**YOU CAN
DRINK OUT
OF THEM**

KRAFT SPREAD CHEESE has a rich, tangy cheese flavour—spread in a little Swanky-Swig glass. In 3-oz. Swanky-Swig glass. **KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH**, a picante, spicy spread with a creamy mayonnaise base—a treat for sandwiches or appetizers. In 3-oz. Swanky-Swig glass. **KRAFT MAYONNAISE** is made with the finest quality ingredients, blended with mellow, creamy smoothness. Blended to just the right consistency. **KRAFT NAVY RELISH** is a delicious, made from cream, cheese, sweet vinegar, with spices and apple flavouring. Delicious for distinctively flavoured sandwiches, and for salads.

Ask for
KRAFT Spreads
in new
Swanky-Swig
re-usable glasses

THE GIRLS are going WESTERN



• Fourteen-year-old redhead Joan Brodel leaves the drawing-rooms for wide open spaces in RKO's film "Two Thoroughbreds." Here she is seen with another "sorrel top" in the picture—Crystal Jack.

THERE'S a rumor going the rounds that Hollywood's glamor girls are yearning for the West. The feeling is that they're all ready to let down their hair, kick up their heels and head for the great open spaces where men were men—and, let it also be remembered, women were most decidedly women.

Perhaps this is partly due to the frequent production by studios lately of those Western epics; for, although the male stars generally have the principal roles in these stark pioneering yarns, there is always a call for some Western women, too.

Opposite the romantic young Tyrone Power in the title role of "Jesse James," for instance, was starlet Nancy Kelly, who won acclaim for her performance as the sweet-heart and wife of the Western hero.

But there seems to be more to it than just a hanging-on of female stars to the Western cycle of films. Rather does it seem that the role of Western heroine attracts them.

Actress enjoys it

THEY'RE all secretly longing to play it.

Of course there was Marlene Dietrich's now famous comeback in "Destry Rides Again." But, however much has been said about this screen surprise, it is still significant that she chose this kind of role for her reappearance after a long absence. It does look as if she liked taking the part of a high-kicking, hard-drinking girl of the Golden West.

Latest news about Marlene's change from glamor to saloon enter-

LANGUOROUS LOVELIES BECOME ROLICKING OPEN-AIR HEROINES

By Joan McLeod in Hollywood

tainer is that she has been offered the leading role in the Comedie Francaise film "Lady of the West."

Then there is Miriam Hopkins, who has been taking straight roles of late. But she returns to song, dance and superficial wickedness in "Virginia City," in which she is co-starred with Errol Flynn.

She takes the part of a secret agent during the American Civil War, posing as an alluring cabaret entertainer in one of those bad, bold saloons.

Miriam wears very abbreviated frocks, much covered in shiny black spangles . . . she sits on the table . . . is not afraid to look a glass of champagne in the eye . . . and by and large is Grandpa's idea of what was what in a whisper.

Miriam is apparently one of those actresses who consider that there's nothing better for a reputation than changing one's pace now and then. Before she became one of RKO's leading dramatic stars she had been a musical-comedy favorite. She likes her role in "Virginia City" because it enables her to do drama, straight comedy, and dancing . . . sort of having your cake and eating it too.

In the film she dances the See Saw Shake, which was the sensation of the boom towns back in 1864. Better known as the can-can, this dance has the chorus in the genuine can-

can costume that has come down to us through the years.

Yes, it looks as if a new fashion in feminine types is coming in—that of the Western heroine.

True it is that no first-rate star has ever refused to take a part in a Western film when it has been offered him or her. Film audiences were astonished when they heard that sophisticated Claudette Colbert was to play the part of a pioneering woman in the epic Western "Drums Along the Mohawk." But Claudette won new acting honors by her characterization in this film. Apparently this prominent actress was not averse to appearing in the guise of a Western heroine. And she certainly proved that it was no drawback to her appeal.

Response by fans

CERTAINLY Virginia Bruce enlarged her circle of fans after she co-starred with warbling Nelson Eddy when he went Western in "Song of the Plains."

Now news comes that Margaret Sullavan is to make a Western called "Wyoming."

Most surprising is the most recent "find" of producer Mervyn LeRoy of a new type of Western heroine.

In the past they have been sweet but helpless things, there to be rescued by the hero and like it, without holding up the shooting. They might be the clinging-vine type or the rather dashing saloon-hall dancer variety. But either way they left the guns and horses alone, and served only as decorative background for the real he-man action of the film.

Producer LeRoy is out to alter all that. He's "discovered" a cow-

Innovations...

• RONALD COLMAN will make his debut as a singer in his forthcoming picture with Ginger Rogers, "Good Luck." He bursts into song in a little ditty titled "Say When." Of course Colman doesn't pretend to be a Lawrence Tibbett or even a Bing Crosby, and we understand his rendition of the song will be definitely in the casual manner.

• OLYMPE BRADNA is shortly blossoming out into a kind of role that is new to her. You've probably heard plenty about Olympe's modesty and little-girl shyness, for in the past she has refused to wear low-cut gowns and insisted that screen kisses be eliminated from the script. But now she is to play the lead in "South of Paga Pago," wearing a sarong, a la Lamour.

• MICKEY ROONEY will emerge as a man of fashion in "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante," parading in a full dress suit, a dinner suit, and a snappy business suit. The studio wardrobe department had no set of tails small enough for Mickey, so had to rent his personal full dress regalia for the scenes.

• CLARK GABLE and Spencer Tracy have a big scene together in MGM's "Boom Town," in which they are, both tastefully garbed in long woollen underwear. It's the sort grandpapa used to wear—reaching from wrist to ankle.

girl heroine whom he describes as "the female edition of Gene Autry."

"Not since I discovered Lana Turner," says Mr. LeRoy, "have I seen as pretty a young girl. Moreover, she rides, ropes steers, and does everything that any cowgirl ever did on the range."

He's waiting till she completes a college course before he launches this out-of-the-ordinary young person on her first picture.

And now dark-haired beauty Patricia Morison is to play the feminine lead in "Rangers of Fortune."

In a wild and Western setting too is Olivia de Havilland's next picture, "Montana," which will deal with the history of the early days of that picturesque State. George Brent is to be her masculine off-sider.

COIFFURES . . . sophisticated or simple



ABOVE: Simple yet smart is this coiffure for formal occasions, worn by Marsha Hunt, RKO. The hair in front is rolled back in halo style on either side of a centre parting, and the hair at the back is softly curled.

● You can be up to date with your hair done either way these days. It's just a matter of suiting your type and the occasion . . . For hair styles that will give you personality, study the pictures on this page.

By JANETTE



RIGHT: She is young, so she can wear this unaffected girlish style with charm — Linda Darnell, Fox. The hair is combed softly back from the forehead, and then allowed to fall into little ringlets all round.



ABOVE: Extreme simplicity makes this youthful hair-do attractive. Absence of curls and waves and, instead, a soft undulation make for a distinctive sort of charm. Worn by Amanda Duff, Fox.



ABOVE: Lovely for evening, a more elaborate coiffure with brushed-up curls over the forehead and ears and ringlets at nape of neck.



"Antoine's Dream"



LEFT: Coiffure inspired by the 18th century peruke and worn by Doris Nolan, RKO. Front is brushed into curls and the back hair is swathed and tied with a black velvet bow.

By World's No. 1 Hair Stylist

Inspired by meditation among ancient Grecian statues in the Paris Art Galleries, the great Antoine created this dignified coiffure for fashionable women of Europe who asked him for a new mode . . . Now, Msiu. Ross, leading protegee of this world-famous stylist, brings to us "Antoine's Dream." So the classic beauty of immortal goddesses now becomes 1940 chic for lovely Australian women.



Ross of Christie Salon.

"The hair is swathed smoothly across the back and framed by sculptured curls," explains Msiu. Ross. "It is the essence of grace and distinction. Of course, for all such elaborate styles the hair must first be made soft, pliable and wave-holding, with Velmol. Indeed, regular 'damp-setting' with Velmol is the real secret of such lovely and lasting coiffures!"

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Leading hair stylists everywhere agree that Velmol "damp-setting" is the modern, easy method of managing modern, difficult coiffures! . . . Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. So simple . . . and takes but four minutes! Velmol sets waves and holds them—soft, glossy. Velmol makes your expert salon set last longer; enables you to

fix disarranged "hair-do" back into place after sport, slumber . . . or to "damp-set" your own hair after shampooing. Saves on time, temper and money! Whatever your hair—style, elaborate or simple, keep it smartly "damp-set" with Velmol. Get a 2/- bottle today, from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. . . . Ask for VELMOL.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

THE sudden change that overtook the fashion world not so long ago and swept hair up from the long simple bob to the Edwardian coiffure with its masses of curls and rolls has spent its force.

The pendulum has swung back to more modified coiffures somewhere between the two previous styles.

Soft rolls and curls around the hair line, turned upwards usually to give "lift" to the face, remain, but are fewer and the hair at the back is mostly worn long and simply arranged.

And there is plenty of variety . . .

You can wear a hair style that is quite obviously meant to be smart and sophisticated. Or you can seek an utter simplicity, which, like the well-cut, unadorned frock, has glamor in its lines.

Carefree air

OR you can choose an apparently unaffected girlish style that will give you a youthful carefree air.

All provided, of course, such styles suit your face and your personality.

Generally speaking, the more sophisticated styles are suitable for the woman round the thirty mark and over, except on very formal occasions when a smart sophistication is often suitable for a young girl.

The simple carefully-lined styles will often suit either the very young or the more mature. Simplicity often gives a touch of glamor to the young girl far more effectively than a very elaborate style, and at the same time preserves her youth.

On the maturer woman the very simple hair-do sometimes gives a womanly sweetness, provided she has good features and skin and can stand straight lines.

Cut a lovely figure



IN A
LUXABLE
SKATING DRESS

Even if you're no Sonja Henie, you'll look the part in a dashing jersey skating dress like this. Luxable—so you can laugh at spills. Yes, Lux it as often as you like—but only safe, gentle Lux to safeguard its swirling crispness.

If it's safe in water... it's safe in LUX



A LEVER PRODUCT

FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 15, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

BLACK WOOL... with lingerie accents



• Simple dinner frock in finest black wool-de-chine dramatised with a huge ruffle of crisp, white organza round the hem and outlining the fronts of the brief, long-sleeved bolero.

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 3/6.



• Black angora dress-maker suit with swing skirt and jacket featuring three-quarter-length sleeves and a twisted rope of angora edging the front. Beneath it a blouse of dewy-fresh, starched muslin, with front ruffles edged with lace.



• Sophisticated, slim silhouette in a tunic frock of black wool jersey, with wide boat neckline, cuffs, and curved tunic edge, highlighted with pleated ruffs of starched sheer linen.



• An impeccable little suit of black broadcloth, with the new longer jacket edged with finely pleated white pique, which extends over the shoulder-line, and flashes again on the tops of the inset pockets. Notice the fetching little black velour tricorne lined with white pique.



Exotic Orientalisms in . . .

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Airmailed from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE Sketched by PETROV

- Fashion theme inspired by "Thief of Bagdad." Sketched left to right:
- Sleekly tailored Ali Baba slack suit with hectic, striped jacket-top and plain, impeccably fitting trousers.
- Harem 'jamas' in colorful print, featuring the bare midriff. Convertible trousers can be worn loose by untying draw-string at the ankles.
- Sophisticated dinner frock with unusual harem hemline and gold brocade top.
- Stunning housecoat, simply tailored in seersucker that filches the heady colors of the Orient.



- Above: Fantastic, temple-dancer headdress, in gleaming gold and bright ball beads. Necklet and earrings to match.
- Left: Fetching necklet and earring set hung with cute little carved wooden faces of the turbaned slave boys of the "Thief of Bagdad."

BRIDAL GOWNS for JUNE . . .

WAR has taken none of the glamor and traditional beauty from the June bride. Young lovelies are going to the altar in gowns as exquisitely dainty or exotically lovely as yesteryear. For that all-important day, fashion is triumphant, and gallantly meets the challenge of war.



• Sculptural simplicity expressed in chalk-white moss crepe with a faintly Oriental cowl head-dress. Exquisite calla lilies accentuate the classical beauty of the gown.



• Snowy-white gown of starched silk marquisette with fine lace applied in a hoop design on the skirt. Pink roses with pink-and-white swirls of marquisette for the effective head-dress.



• Horizon-blue silk tulle for a blissfully romantic wedding gown. The matching taffeta slip is scattered with star sequins which twinkle through the tiered skirt. Apple blossoms on her head and on the prayer book.

• For the very young bride—sprigged cotton organdie with quaint hoop-skirt and garnishings of blinche lace. A topknot of water-lilies to match the bouquet.



A MODERN WATER JUG BY GEORGE JENSEN.



For a bright party

At a cocktail party nothing should be dull — not even a dish! How can the cutest savouries look their best on a dingy salver? It isn't fair to a cunningly mixed cocktail to pour it from a tarnished shaker. But Silver, with the rich glitter that 'Silver' imparts to it, how well it suits the occasion! Only 'Silver' can produce the high polish which winks and gleams as if in answer to wit and laughter. Use it to give all your Silver a quick and perfect polish.



A RECKITT'S PRODUCT. MADE IN AUSTRALIA.

EVER HAVE
HEADACHES
AND DON'T
KNOW
WHY?



Feel dull, down, depressed and don't know why?
Feel sleepy when it's time to get up?
Feel ready for bed long before it's time to turn in?
Have pains in the back, aches in the legs?

Signs of constipation.

You may think you are "regular." Many "regular" people eliminate incompletely. Poisons are left. Get into the bloodstream. There is an honest prescription for constipation. Doctors have recommended it for half a century. It is *Kruschen Salts*. There is nothing better. Kruschen has gained doctors' good opinion because it is not a patent medicine, nor a drug, nor a dietetic fad. It contains no so-called secret ingredients. The analysis is on every bottle. Doctors prescribe it because they know what they are recommending. Kruschen is basically and unalterably right. Kruschen is as right for constipation as hot bath and toddy are right for a cold. Whether you know you are constipated or not you will be well advised to take Kruschen occasionally. If you feel brighter, more cheerful, and tire less easily, these are indications you should continue. It is almost certain that—

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH



KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K. 12-1549



QUIET HOURS FAR FROM HOME

The luxurious comfort . . . the friendly atmosphere . . . and the very quietness of the Victoria's magnificent Tudor Lounge assure you many pleasant hours of rest and relaxation. For though you're in the heart of Melbourne, you're far removed from the noise of city traffic.

And you will enjoy the smooth efficient service that brings more than a quarter million guests to the Victoria each year.

POPULAR "ROOM ONLY" TARIFFS
Singles—5/- to 10/- per day.
Doubles—8/- to 18/6 per day.

Suites, Family Rooms,
etc.
Full Catering Service.
S. D. HORNE, Manager

**MELBOURNE'S MOST
POPULAR HOTEL**

Next Town Hall—Little Collins St.

VICTORIA PALACE

TIGER-LILIES

● These exotic flowers in an exquisite cutwork design adorn a new three-piece duchesse set.

HERE is the kind of duchesse set that is ideal for adding to glory-box treasures. If you are going to be married or have a friend who is to be a bride soon, work one of these sets, for they are very lovely when finished.

A set can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working on cream, pink, blue, yellow, green or white linen.

The set consists of three pieces. There is a centre mat which measures 11 by 17 inches and two smaller mats which measure 8 x 8 inches.

Price of three-piece duchesse set is 2/9 complete.

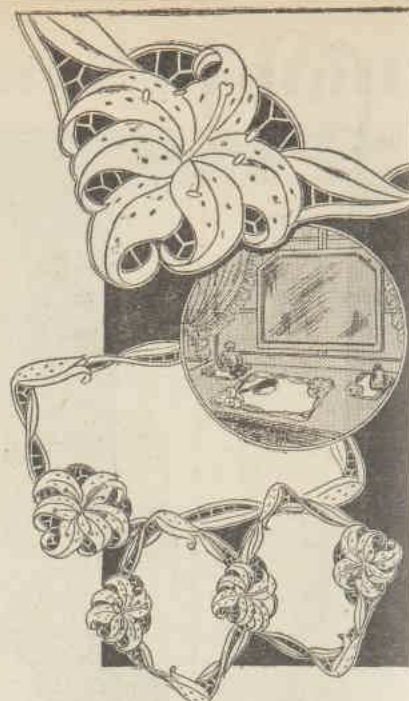
Stranded cottons in various shades may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 2d. a skein extra.

To do the tiger-lily embroidery, work the whole of the outside edge of the mats in buttonhole-stitch and the centre lines in satin-stitch.

This design would look very beautiful worked in all-white or in all-cream on linen to match.

Or if you prefer a color, choose a linen in a color to match the color scheme of your bedroom and work the flowers in the same tones or in gay tiger-lily colors as a contrast.

**NEEDLEWORK
Notions . . .**



READY TO WORK. a three-piece duchesse set in an exotic tiger-lily design. If you love cutwork, then this set will especially appeal to you. Available in white or colored linen.

Frock and jacket for baby



CLOSE-UP of the embroidery motif ready for working, which is traced on the baby's frock and matching jacket in winceyette.

THIS adorable frock is in winceyette and is designed for cosy wear during the colder months.

It can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on fine quality winceyette in shades of green, lemon, pink, blue, cream and mauve.

The material is traced with the design for cutting out and making up and also with the design for embroidering, so that all you have to do is cut out, stitch up and work.

Sizes are infants to 6 months and 12 months to 18 months.

Price of frock is 3/9 post free.

The garment has long sleeves, a tiny Peter Pan collar and a full skirt gathered onto a small yoke. The collar, the sleeve cuffs and the edge of the skirt are all scalloped.

The dainty floral motif should be worked in pastel shades to tone.

If desired a paper pattern and transfer may be obtained for making up the design in your own material.

Paper pattern of frock, 1/-; transfer, 1/3.



F1959: Adorable frock for baby in warm winceyette. Available traced with pattern for cutting out and with embroidery design for working.

THE jacket which matches the frock shown on this page is also in warm winceyette. It is obtainable traced on colors green, lemon, pink, blue, cream and mauve.

The pattern for cutting out and making up and the design for working are already traced on the material.

All you have to do is cut out, stitch up and work.

Sizes are infants to 6 months and 12 months to 18 months.

Price of jacket is 2/6 post free.

If you prefer to make the jacket in your own material you can obtain a paper pattern for the design from our Needlework Department for 1/- and transfer motif for 1/3.

Work the design in pastel shades to tone with jacket.



F1960: Dainty baby's jacket designed to match frock shown below. Obtainable in green, lemon, pink, blue, cream or mauve winceyette and traced for cutting out and making up, and with design for embroidering.

Her Hands grew softer and whiter as she Slept!

"My hands were red and chapped and I had just about given up heart" says Mrs. Drew of Bondi Road, Bondi. "I'd tried all sorts of hand lotions, even home made mixtures, but they all made my hands feel too sticky. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion, and it felt so nice on my hands—not the least bit sticky. I rubbed it into my hands just before going to bed and left it on all night. You should see the difference it made after just a few applications! My hands are beautifully soft and white now."

Your hands need daily protection!

Just think of the things you do every day that take the beauty out of your hands. There's washing up—hot water and soda—soaps, housework, chapping winds and sun. No wonder your hands need daily protection!

Keep your hands smooth, soft and white. Use Pond's Hand Lotion—every time you wash your hands

and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. It's rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy lotion.

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Pond's Hand Lotion contains special softening and whitening ingredients that go to work the minute it's applied. Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you will be surprised how white and soft your hands will be. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists and 1/9 for economical "large" bottles containing more than twice as much.





Special Concession Pattern

THREE charming new suits
Size 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1. — Requires: 3½yds.
34ins. wide.
No. 2. — Requires: 3½yds.
34ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast.
No. 3. — Requires: 3½yds.
34ins. wide.

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
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NAME
STREET
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TOWN
STATE
SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 12/6/40.



F1948.—Tailored slacks and snug bot-
toned jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires:
2½yds. 34ins. wide, for slacks, and 2½yds.
36ins. wide, for jacket. Pattern, 1/6.

F1819.—Afternoon frock with swathed
bodice and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Re-
quires: 2½yds. 34ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1949.—Full-skirted evening frock with
the new contrast bodice. 32 to 38 bust.
Requires: 7yds. for skirt and 2½yds. for
bodice, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1751.—Slim-waisted style with front
fullness in bodice and skirt. 32 to 38
bust. Requires: 2½yds. 34ins. wide.
Pattern, 1/6.

F1780.—Trim suit with nipped-in jacket
featuring contrast panels. 32 to 38 bust.
Requires: 2½yds. and 1yd. contrast,
34ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1951.—Smartly tailored blazer for
schoolgirls. 6 to 14 years. Requires:
1½ to 1½yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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8 oz. KRAFT
CHEDDAR CHEESE
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BOTH FOR

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IN COUNTRY
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**BUY
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ON REGULAR PRICES

Available **NOW**
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Both brands are
known all over Australia.
Both are foods that
you include regularly
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Seems too good to be true, doesn't it? But there's absolutely no catch to this offer. You get a standard 8 oz. packet of delicious Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a standard 1 oz. jar of Vegemite both together for 1/-.* A clear saving of 4d. to 5d. on regular prices!

You know Kraft Cheddar... that smooth, mellow, full-flavoured cheese which everyone enjoys. And you know Vegemite... the yeast extract that's delicious spread on bread or biscuits, added to gravy, soups or stews. Remember, Vegemite is rich in the three vital vitamins—B₁, necessary for good digestion and steady nerves—B₂, needed for normal growth—and P.P., the anti-pellagic factor necessary for a clear healthy skin.

Make the most of this extra special offer... get your 8 oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and your 1 oz. jar of Vegemite both together for 1/-* and save 4d. to 5d. on regular prices. **BUY THEM BOTH NOW!** This offer is available for a limited period only.

* 1/1 in country districts.

BUY BOTH FOR 1/- ^{1/1} IN COUNTRY
DISTRICTS
AND SAVE 4^d to 5^d

Betty's "racey" narratives

Interesting exhibits in the racing show to aid war funds

By BETTY GEE

I am going to contribute something startling to the exhibition of racing relics to be organised in Sydney from September 2 for a three weeks' run.

The Exhibition also embraces pictures or photographs of famous horses or people and famous races.

THE committeemen of the Red Cross race meeting to be conducted at Randwick racecourse on September 21 are its sponsors, and if everybody puts in an exhibit as good as mine I can see it becoming a huge success as a public draw.

David Jones', in Market Street, are generously handling the exhibition free of all charges. It should raise quite a lot of money for the Red Cross because everybody is getting enthusiastic about it.

Well, here's my contribution—a set of the earliest-used racing batteries when their manufacture was in the primitive stages as a means of shocking horses into faster speed.

Some of them are roughly made. The manufacturer sought effect and not that polished finish which we see now in little bakelite hand-kerchiefs, etc., these days.

And according to my information they were effective.

One of them killed a horse on a racecourse in Adelaide. Made by an amateur who didn't know what a dynamic power he was handling, he provided a shock big enough for an elephant.

When the jockey struck it killed the horse instantly. He was thrown off from the saddle and was lucky to escape being trampled to death.

The battery was found nearby, and he confessed its use and was disqualified for life.

One of the batteries I'm sending as an exhibit was found wrapped in a small parcel on the seat of a Sydney bus after it had delivered its passengers at a suburban racecourse. Some "good thing" escaped its shock that day.

Another of these "buzzers" tells the story of the most impudent use of a battery probably ever associated with the racecourse.

An owner was asked on a Brisbane track to call at the gate where a parcel containing some of his riding gear would be delivered to him by a man just outside.

When the owner collected the parcel it seemed like riding clothes, but by accident he dropped it, and the contents came loose, revealing a neat little battery which the jockey no doubt intended to use.

The owner took the matter to the stewards, and the boy was disqualified for life.

One fairly recent battery was taken from a man on a Victorian racecourse.

He used to pick up innocents, get them into conversation, and tell them that he knew a "good thing," and then show them the battery

which he declared was to be used on a certain horse, and if they liked to lay the jockey the odds to a small amount he would handle the transaction, and they simply couldn't lose.

He gave the name of some respectable jockey to give his story weight, and many people paid up, but the name of the horse he usually gave was such a bad one that it couldn't win battery or no battery, and, of course, he kept their money.

One day the horse won, however, and he didn't turn up with the victim's winnings. The victim reported him, and stewards combined with the police to suddenly pounce on and search him, and the battery was found. But it was just a show-case affair and wouldn't have shocked a rabbit.

There are all sorts and shapes of batteries, some small enough to conceal in a saddle, others which can be smothered up in the palm of the hand and applied on the horse's neck, and others sufficiently slender to fit in the jockey's whip.

One of my batteries is as small as your little finger, and my informant says it contains half a mile of the finest coil wire as thin as your hair. Yet it could give an outside shock which would stir up the laziest thoroughbred sluggard to an Ajax speed.

Another is a very primitive arrangement with a dry cell and coil making it look like a portmanteau compared with some of the tiny exhibits.

Confederate aid

DICKIE says this was the type which in early days of battery use was handed to the jockey by a confederate after he had passed official eyes. It was applied by hand during the race.

Well, these and many other exciting race relics will be seen at the David Jones' Exhibition, and you will get your money's worth. Besides the relics, the A.J.C. and the leading clubs of Victoria are lending a priceless collection of oils.

Don't ask me where I got my batteries.

Just accept my assurance that I've never been instrumental in getting them used on the "good things" I back.

Here goes for Randwick next Saturday and Monday, because that's where we race for the King's Birthday.

Penthouses is a Syndicate tip for the June Plate.

Blackie Miller comes from the man with the Produce, Coke and Coal for the Hurdle on Saturday, and he says he knows because he was told by the stableboys when he put in last week's load of feed.

The Head Waiter says that High-born is being saved up for the Ellesmere.

On the second day I have a very secret tip from the Florist's Girl for Fountain in the Winter Plate, and she says that she heard that the horse won it two years ago and now he is trained by Mr. Alfred Harris, and he gives it out that he's better now and consequently can't help winning it again because the distance of the race is made to order for him.

For Monday I have fully made up my mind to stick to Locksley for the Australian Jockey Club Hurdle, the biggest prize for jumpers run in Sydney and worth £650, but Dickie is so insistent about Masterpiece that I suppose to appease him I shall have to put a little each way on the Tote on the thing.

But my tip is that Masterpiece will win on the flat, so I'm going to start following him.



A FLATTERING Condor model in black felt, banded with satin ribbon and garnished with a spring posy of multi-colored flowers.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown, or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

Why does Your Dentist use

POWDER

to clean your teeth?

Your dentist uses powder because modern dental research has proved that powder cleans teeth safely and effectively. Many toothpastes contain glycerine, which is used in their preparation as a binding agent. Because of its greasy nature, this glycerine tends to rob other ingredients of their polishing power. . . . And glycerine can be very injurious to the gums, extracting their natural moisture, thereby paving the way to pyorrhea and other serious complaints. . . . For complete safety, for thorough cleaning, do as your dentist does—use powder.

Todds Tooth Powder containing Oraton CLEANS, WHITENS, POLISHES

Without Harming The Precious Enamel

Even teeth that LOOK clean are generally covered by a film of dingy tartar. The "White Handkerchief Test" described on the left proves it. . . . Now you can remove this tartar, now you can restore the dazzling whiteness of Nature's own enamel—with Todds Tooth Powder. . . . In addition to all the usual advantages of powder, Todds contains a new, recently discovered cleaning agent known to dental science as ORATON. . . . Oraton attacks tartar in a different way. It reduces surface tension enabling you to sweep away every ugly stain with a few gentle strokes of the brush. Todds cleans, polishes and whitens, without harsh brushing. It protects the enamel, keeps gums healthy, neutralises acids in the mouth. It has a refreshing minty flavour and is easy and economical to use. Change to Todds today. . . . have cleaner, whiter teeth tomorrow.



Make this

"WHITE HANDKERCHIEF TEST"

Hold a clean white handkerchief against your teeth and compare their colour with the whiteness of the linen. If they look grayish or yellowish you can be sure it's time you changed your dentifrice. Change to Todds Tooth Powder . . . the modern tooth powder containing Oraton.

TODDS

TOOTH POWDER

CONTAINING ORATON

Manufactured by The European Laboratories Co., Goshell St., Paddington, N.S.W.

JOIN THE THOUSANDS CHANGING TO

TOOTH POWDER



Peachbloom
BEAUTY LOTION
GIVES YOUR HANDS AND FACE
YOUTHFUL LOVELINESS

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Faculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or misery back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

Women's Cavalry Corps

• The Cavalry Corps of the Australian Women's Legion has forty recruits in training in Victoria and many more waiting to join as soon as horses are available.



CAVALRY CORPS Headquarters are at riding school of Corps Controller, Miss Lorna Embling, of North Clayton, Melbourne. Members are trained first as dispatch riders. Later they will study first aid and a scheme for evacuating people from the danger zones on horseback.



PAT WRIGHT saddles up at Corps Headquarters for an afternoon's training. Cavalry Corps members attend lectures on the care of horses and cure of their minor ailments.



RIDING OUT for a day's training. Uniform consists of khaki corded jodhpurs, khaki gabardine jackets with red braid epaulets, brown felt hats, khaki shirts and brown ties.



What a lot of lovely gifts I get for
TRUFOOD LABELS

Many more gifts like these!



BATH TOWELS

Coloured or White Admiralty. Extra large size, 24" x 40". Long wearing, thick absorbent quality. Save 22 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

BREAKFAST CLOTH

Pure Irish linen. Usual size, 44" x 44". Gay coloured border design. Save 22 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

CASSEROLE

9" in diameter. Made from "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium. Strong, close-fitting lid with coloured heat-proof knob. Save 22 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

*GLASS WATER JUG

Made by Crown Crystal Glass, etched with attractive design. 8 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/2.

*GLASS GOBLET

Set of 3 to match Water Jug. 12 1-lb. Trufood Labels. Freight and packing, 1/3 on set of 3 or 6.

TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. Save 15 1-lb. Trufood Labels.

TABLE FORK

Heavy E.P.N.S. Save 14 1-lb. Trufood Labels.



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1-lb. tin
makes 8
pints of
milk

More pure milk at less cost

A generous supply of nourishing milk whenever you want it, and at amazingly low cost! That's what Trufood gives you. It's so economical that you'll be able to use ever so much more milk in your cooking.

How to get your FREE GIFT

Take your labels to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY, or to—LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, Carrington Chambers, Wall St., Newcastle.

If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper on which you have written:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.

2. The number of labels enclosed.

3. The gift you require.

Enclose correct amount in stamps to cover freight and packing on goods marked * and post to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4467 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. IMPORTANT: Unrestrained conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

A 5-lb. Label is equal to 5 1-lb. Labels

FREE! Nearly 70 recipes in "The Milky Way of Cookery." Send to: Recipe Department, Trufood of Australia Ltd. Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



A
welcome
HEALTH HABIT

When we take something "to do us good" it sometimes isn't as palatable as we might like it! But Orange Juice is a delightful health tonic. Orange Juice, fully charged with natural vital elements—rich in Vitamin C, for example—is refreshing and delicious to drink. A glass a day is a really welcome health habit. Drink Orange Juice, or eat an Orange or two, every day.

RANGES

(Authorised by the "Eat More Fruit" Campaign Committee.)

Women of Royal Family aid Britain's war effort



DUCHESS OF KENT, in the navy-blue uniform of the Women's Royal Naval Service, signs the register on her first visit to the new headquarters at Charing Cross



DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, President of the Hospital Supply Service, inspects a pair of pyjamas made in a Service workroom.



QUEEN ELIZABETH (at head of table) has formed a Red Cross sewing bee for women of the Royal Household, which meets at the Palace each week



QUEEN MARY celebrated her 73rd birthday last month. Since outbreak of war her advice has been invaluable to daughter-in-law Queen Elizabeth.



PRINCESS ALICE of Athlone, wife of new Governor-General of Canada, in W.A.T.S. uniform.



PRINCESS MARY, sister of the King, is Commander-in-Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Transport Service.



DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, President of Ambulance Section of French Red Cross, in uniform.

More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH

that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearing—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinkage of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearance with the aid FASTEETH gives in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, sticky taste or foaming. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Wear inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for Free Booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



**LOSS OF WEIGHT
IS
A MENACE
TO HEALTH**

THE daily round of activities, whether in the home, or the office, takes a terrific toll in energy that cannot always be replaced by ordinary foods. For loss of weight or energy you can have no finer revitalizing food than Cornwell's Extract of Malt . . . rich in vitamins



A and B. Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and pure Orange Juice, incorporates vitamins A, B, C and D, so essential for sound health and for building resistance against sickness.

Children love the delicious rich, malty flavour of Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Obtainable at all Stores and Chemists.

GROWING CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE THIS GREAT BODY BUILDER
CORNWELL'S
Extract of
MALT

NATURE'S OWN TONIC FOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Stage star discusses value of radio work

Always hears rebroadcast
of her own performances

Ballet dancer . . . racing driver in her own car at Brooklands . . . dancing partner of the Prince of Wales . . . musical comedy star in England and Australia . . . and now one of the leading personalities in Australian broadcasting.

That is the story of Miss Queenie Ashton, whose charming personality, dramatic ability, and outstanding voice are known to listeners throughout Australia.

MISS ASHTON has earned the distinction of being one of the most versatile personalities on the air.

Apart from appearances in the Radio Theatre and nationwide relays of musical comedy shows, she is heard in two current programmes on 2GB—"These Old Homes" and "Doctor Mac."

But for radio, Queenie Ashton might never have come back from the retirement which she sought when she was married a few years ago. She refused repeated opportunities to return to the footlights, but last year she accepted an offer of radio work.

"I love it now," she told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"But it was all so strange at first—the dead silence of the studio, where the rustling of a paper near the microphone would be magnified

on the air to the thunder of a storm; the absence of an audience; and no applause.

"It was the applause, I think, which I missed most. The enthusiasm of an audience means so much to artists—it tells them that they have done a good job; and that's the best tonic in the world.

"It's altogether a different world. There is so much variety, so many different roles, that there is no place for monotony.

"On the stage, playing the same part and singing the same songs night after night, life comes to be something of a habit, but on the air each day means something entirely new. I sometimes don't know, in fact, what I am to play when I attend rehearsals.

"Just the other day I spent most of the morning rehearsing for a big dramatic-musical show which is soon to go on the air; in the afternoon we recorded an episode of a dramatic serial, and for the rest of the day I was rehearsing a musical comedy scheduled to be broadcast on the following night."

Miss Ashton explained that most of the dramatic features on the air are recorded in the broadcasting studios, so that copies of the record may be broadcast at locally convenient times all over the Commonwealth.

"It means meticulously careful rehearsal," she said, "and a presentation time-tabled down to the last second.

"It means, too, that we can hear our own work, and that is something which the stage could never give us. And when each episode is completed it is over, and there is no monotony, no endless repetition of the same lines.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day
from
4.30 to 5
p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 12.—
Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, June 13.—
June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls. Special Children's Playlets.

FRIDAY, June 14.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, June 15.—
"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, June 16.—Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. Interpreting Horoscopes of World Personalities.

MONDAY, June 17.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, June 18.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blasts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harness, go to the bathroom, thank God for the pills. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6



QUEENIE ASHTON, versatile radio performer on Station 2GB. She was formerly a star on the stage.

"It was so very strange at first to sit at home and hear myself playing or singing, but now I wouldn't miss one of my recorded sessions because they are so valuable an opportunity for self-criticism.

"There always will be, of course, a glamour about a personal performance in a big show which holds a

tremendous appeal. The Radio Theatre, from 2GB, which is relayed to every corner of the Commonwealth each Sunday at 8 p.m., possesses an atmosphere all its own.

"We are told, for instance, that we are playing to an audience of anything up to 2,000,000 listeners."



THREE FAVOURITES for EVERY HOME

- Your old Favourite
FOUNTAIN SELF-RAISING FLOUR
(PICTURE CARDS IN EVERY PACKET)
- Just like Home Made
FOUNTAIN TOMATO SAUCE
- Makes the Best Scones
FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER
(PICTURE CARDS IN EVERY 1LB. TIN)

COLLECT COUPONS FROM ALL 3 EXCELLENT FOUNTAIN PRODUCTS

TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER 15 DOUGLASS PRODUCTS
BOYS AND GIRLS!
COLLECT PICTURE CARDS OF FAMOUS BRITISH PLANE AND PILOT—
FOUND IN EVERY PACKET OF FOUNTAIN FLOUR.

TO PICTURE CARD COLLECTORS

A complete set of latest pictures of Ships of the Royal Navy are now being packed in "Fountain" Jellies, "Fountain" Custard Powders and "Fountain" Baking Powder.

The "QUINS" take up gardening

THE Dionne "Quins" have surprised their teachers by their interest in gardening and the oddness of their questions about plants and flowers.

It's hard for the adults at Dionne nursery to keep the plants indoors from getting too much water, for the children want to attend them as thoroughly as pets. Emilie, one of the most persistent questioners on nature subjects, wanted to know if plants eat and then how and where they get their food. Told they get it from the earth, she wanted to know from Dr. Allan Roy Datoe why little girls couldn't live on dirt, too.

In the plant nursery this motto from one of Longfellow's poems graces the wall:
"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."



EMILIE is a great believer in plenty of water for her plants.



ANNETTE has an indoor bulb-garden and is very anxious to get the very best results.

YVONNE (left) and CECILE debate a serious problem in gardening at the Dionne nursery.



BEAUTIFUL EYES!

Yes, you too can have beautiful eyes. Just a few quick strokes with Maybelline mascara and your eyes will become like two beautiful pools of enchantment, sparkling, romantic. Black, Brown and Blue shades.

Maybelline

Peachbloom
BEAUTY LOTION
GIVES YOUR HANDS AND FACE
YOUTHFUL LOVELINESS

WRITTEN IN THE STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

If your birthday falls between May 22 and June 22 you were born under "clever" stars.

THE planet Mercury has special dominance over the sign Gemini, and, as Mercury governs the mental processes and general intelligence, Geminians can be relied on for their quick wit, versatility and adaptability.

There are, however, a few dangers in these attributes. For instance, just as the mercury will rise or fall according to the weather, so do most Geminians develop a degree of instability, changeability and restlessness.

They are sensitive to their environments and to the opinions or feelings of their associates. This is to such a degree that they frequently submerge their own special personalities and characteristics under pressure of other conditions and interests.

This is a mistake, and one which wise Geminians will try to guard against. The charm of any individual is his (or her) own special type of charm, not a forced or insincere personality—a mixture of the many types contacted.

Geminians should diligently cultivate the best that is in themselves—the clever, cheerful, mentally alert and physically capable attributes which can earn the respect and regard of all.

Can't stand monotony

PEOPLE born under the Gemini stars are seldom snobs or "stick-to-the-muds." They are naturally friendly and inquisitive, interested in everyone and everything about them.

They soon grow tired of routine and monotony, imagining that far fields look greener, and new friends more desirable.

The best way in which to kill off the ambition, enthusiasm, good cheer and cleverness of Geminians is to tie them up to monotonous work, too much method and system, lack of entertainment and travel, and, worst of all, to eliminate all chance of study or other mental embellishments.

They "live" in their minds and are happiest when they can combine the ideas of the mind with the activities

of their naturally clever fingers. Hence it is that in addition to careers they should have hobbies allowing for self-expression through the mind and hands.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get sentimental matters started on June 18, 19 and 20 (before 10 a.m.). Thereafter most Arieses may be content with routine and caution for a while.

TACRUS (April 21 to May 22): Get fair for you on June 20 (after noon), 21 and 22 in dusk. Perfect matters already in hand.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): It is to be hoped that you have been busy improving your affairs recently, for soon you must begin to take things more slowly and consolidate your gains. Meanwhile do not waste a moment of June 15 for hard work and wisdom exercised then can pay good dividends. Avoid unnecessary risk on June 18 and 19.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Ride your time, for your helpful stars are traveling hard. Meanwhile, on June 18 and 19 for completing matters already started, or constructively planning for the future.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair for you on June 18 and 19.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be patient a little longer, for your stars are still unkindly enough to cause trouble through over-confidence of richness. Be wiser than usual on June 18, 19 and very early 20. Try to avoid losses, partings, opposition and general disaster.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A last call for action this month. June 18 offers you chances for improving your affairs and achieving additional beauties. Co-operate with your starry conditions then by going after what you want in constructive fashion. Caution on June 20.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): June 18 and 19 weakly helpful. Better to finish outstanding routine matters and plan for the near future.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Don't take risks for Old Man Trouble has his eye on you and a small slip can have big repercussions. Be especially careful and wise and patient on June 18, 19 and early 20.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Don't procrastinate at this time for after June 22 you must take things quickly for a while. Yet do not begin really important things now as delay is impossible. June 20, 21 and daylight of 22 just fair. Constructive routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Put all your energies and wisdom into constructive efforts for additional success and happiness by working diligently on June 18. Good results can follow.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): The present is adverse, but the near future good for most Pisceans. Therefore act cautiously and plan ahead. Avoid changes, over-confidence, impatience and new ventures on June 18, 19 and early 20 if you would avoid trouble and loss.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden, reads that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

how uninteresting!

"Queer looking thing, isn't it? Not exactly interesting to look at . . . but wait 'til I tell you!

It's an insulated storage tank for electric hot water. It belongs in the roof of your home. It will have pipes connected to it . . . pipes to bring steaming hot water to your kitchen, bathroom, laundry, anywhere you want it! Water that is always hot . . . always on tap! What does it cost? As little as 14/8 a month (3/5 per week!). Terms spread over 5 years! And even the costs of wiring and plumbing included in the price! No deposit . . . electricity at the reduced rate of .35d. per unit . . . and a constant supply of scalding hot water whenever and wherever you want it! Is that uninteresting?

A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT
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ELECTRIC
HOT WATER
THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL

AN APPROVED ELECTRIC RANGE
NO DEPOSIT . . . 5 YEARS' TERMS

A fast-cooking, money-saving modern electric range installed in your own home for monthly payments of a few shillings — WITHOUT DEPOSIT! Terms spread over 5 years, are as low as 2/11 a week! All installation costs are included in the terms. Apply PROMPTLY.

Queen Victoria Building, George St., Sydney. And at 208 Burwood Rd., Burwood; 259 Beamish St., Campsie; 149-151 Oxford St., Bondi Junction; 326 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest.

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Actual Size **A.B. Williams** Style No. 8

12 doz. 7/6, 6 doz. 5/-, 3 doz. 3/6

SOLD BY LEADING STORES

Write for Free Booklet to
J. & J. Cash, Australian Weaving Co. Pty. Ltd.,
86 Collett St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Try This for Seven Days for Eczema

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, Eczema, and unsightly eruptions will be glad to know that Moore's Emerald Oil, the clean, powerful, penetrating, anti-septic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves and while these helped to relieve the itching, soreness, and pain, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

Moore's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection for the oil penetrates down through the pores to the cause of the trouble and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Emerald Oil is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any progressive chemist's.

"So awful," said Jill, "that anyone who did it would deserve all they got."

"That's rather a cut-and-dried view, isn't it?" Kenneth suggested. "Don't you believe in being carried away by emotion, swept off your feet by love at first sight?"

"I'm a practical person," Jill smiled. "I like to plan my life with my feet steadily underneath me."

There was a short pause and then Kenneth asked her: "Do you think men and women can just be friends?"

"Why ever not?"

"Aren't some men and women made in a way which makes that difficult?"

"Then you needn't choose them for your friends."

"You are painfully sensible," Kenneth sighed. "I wish I was like that."

What on earth is all this about, Jill was wondering. Is he telling me his heart is with Adeline or is he telling himself that his heart isn't with Adeline? And why should I be interested, anyway?

The next week Kenneth brought Angus to the kennels again. Jill was alone in the yard, giving a spaniel a bath. She was hot with her exertions, and her white coat was splashed with soapy water. She couldn't help smiling at Kenneth. He was so frankly absurd. This time he solemnly suggested that Angus needed a bath.

"Of course he doesn't," said Jill.

A Job for Jill

Continued from Page 7

"He had one the day before you fetched him, poor chap!"

"That's all right, then," Kenneth smiled. "I thought I had better make sure, don't you know. My landlady is so fussy. How did you get on with Adeline? She told me she was going to bring her griffin to you yesterday."

"The dog had a septic paw. It was bitten by a cat. I told her to take it at once to a vet. Is that all you wanted, because I've got rather a heavy day."

"One more question, then I'll clear out. An enterprising canon's wife, called Mrs. Seamer, is getting up a dance in aid of the hospital. I've got four tickets. Would you come with

that suffering was being caused to her boarding dogs, because they were not properly protected from the sun, and that their drinking bowls were not kept full of water.

"Come and see for yourself," said Jill.

She made the man look at every kennel in the place, and in every case he could see that the dog had plenty of shade, either made by bracken fronds twisted into the cage wire, or else by light matting put over it along the sunny side. There were no empty drinking bowls. Long before the end of the tour, the inspector suggested withdrawing, but Jill made him go through with it. When he had seen everything, she asked him to give her the name of the person who had made this accusation.

"I was particularly asked not to mention the name," he said. "It was a local—resident. Naturally they will be very sorry they have made a mistake. I will tell them there has been some misunderstanding. Perhaps you were turning out or cleaning at the time they came here. Anyway, I am more than satisfied by what I have seen."

"I should have thought you would have known better, Inspector, in the first place," said Jill quietly, and he went away, red in the face with discomfort, completely routed.

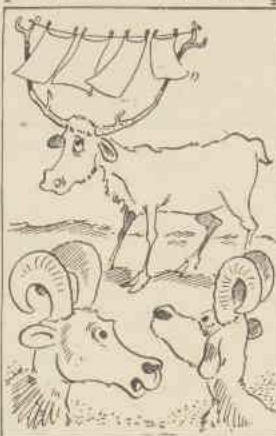
The following week, Jill was afflicted with a plague of commercial travellers. All of them claimed to have the personal introduction of a friend of hers, although they were unwilling to reveal the name. They came trying to sell her every kind of pill, powder, germicide, soap and food on the market. After the first one or two, Jill refused to see them, but even so they wasted a good deal of her assistants' time before they could be persuaded to go.

Then one morning an enormous lorry was seen struggling up the narrow lane that led up to Jill's gate. It was loaded with hay and straw, and the driver said it had been ordered by Miss Cave by telephone. Jill had difficulty in convincing the man that there must be some mistake, even though he did hold in his hand an invoice with the correct name and address on it.

A few days later, the same annoyance was repeated in the form of a vanload of unordered dog food. It was a type of meal that Jill used, but the quantity sent was fantastic. This order had also been given to the firm by telephone. Jill asked if she could be given the exact time of the call, in order to try to trace it. She said she was thinking of calling in the police to clear the matter up. She was still completely at a loss to understand the object of these attacks. If it were merely to make her increasingly angry, then her unseen enemy was certainly succeeding.

But it was after the hospital dance that things became really serious. The war was then pursued more ruthlessly. It became obvious that someone was trying to damage Jill's business or even to smash it up.

Animal Antics



"HE USED to be a pretty regular fellow before he got married!"

us? Adeline wants to go, and I'd ask another fellow to make up the party."

"Nothing doing," Jill smiled.

"I don't quite see why a perfectly ordinary invitation like that should amuse you so much," said Kenneth.

"No. I suppose you wouldn't. But isn't the idea of a kennel-maid at a dance rather funny?"

"Whatever your profession, it's a mistake not to take rational relaxation," he said solemnly. "Mind and body need it."

"I believe he's a parson," thought Jill. "You can't go by collars these days."

She had finished the dog, and, wrapping him up in a towel, she took him into one of the huts. Kenneth could hear her voice, ticking someone off about leaving a dirty dish in some dog's kennel. Kenneth decided it was time to go home.

Then one day bombs began to fall on Jill's kennels from an unseen enemy, without any formal declaration of war.

The first was in the form of an inspector from a charitable animal organisation. He told Jill that information had been given to them

Jill had cast her mind back over the evening of the dance many times to try to discover any clue, anything she could have done to arouse so much hatred, but without success. She had intended that night to keep entirely out of Kenneth's sight, thinking it should be easy among hundreds of guests. She didn't want him to know that she was Canon Seamer's daughter. She had always strictly kept her business and social life entirely separate, thinking it more fair to both. She didn't want her customers as friends, or her friends as customers.

Also she would not do anything whatever to please or attract Kenneth's eye. She would not even admit that she cared in the least what he might think of her appearance. She was not going to let the glamor of a dance frock and ballroom lights have anything to do with it. If Kenneth didn't find her attractive at her kennels with a shiny nose, wind-blown hair, and breeches, then she had no use for him in her life.

But again Jill reckoned without the charm of her looks. In a pale green chiffon frock, she would not easily escape notice, even among hundreds of girls.

Please turn to Page 44



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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

FORM OWN IDEAS

HOW many people echo blindly the sentiments and opinions of others?

This is contrary to the very first principle of human thought or progress.

Our own opinion, right or wrong, is better than a mechanical acceptance of the opinions of others, or, worse still, a pedantic affectation of appreciation where no reality lies.

We should think for ourselves more, and strive to form our own opinions, not to accept and memorise a standardised list of judgments on the excellence or otherwise of things.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. D. Walter, 42 Ramsgate St., Glenelg, S.A.

STRANGE INTEREST

WHY do so many women go to see weddings when they do not even know the bride couple?

Often women will gather round a church door for no other reason than curiosity.

Chance acquaintances may want to be present as a gesture of goodwill towards either the bride or groom, but for a stranger to attend surely shows a lack of good taste.

Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolswain N.E., Brisbane.

FEAR OF LIFTS

I OFTEN see women refuse to be the sole passenger and driver of an automatic lift.

"I can't use those things," seems a poor explanation of fear when, with a little confidence and the pressure of a button, we can be taken to the floor required.

Numerous old and young women refuse to enter an unattended lift and will wait for a more courageous companion or a male "driver."

N. Owen, 325 Pitt St., Sydney.

Your Chance Is Here for Extra Money!



You must take this opportunity for extra money now! It will help yourself and help others—and this can be yours regularly week after week by making FRENCH HAND-MADE FLOWERS for day and evening wear, also millinery, in all kinds of materials—in your home for us. Demand is unlimited. It's simple and fascinating. No experience or artistic ability needed. We show how. No matter what your age, or where you live you can earn big money in this new pleasant homerail.

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Leading stores have big demand. Don't delay! Join in with our workers. Send now-to-day—for free book.

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Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you.

Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE. I am interested in postal course.

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"I cannot cope with my orders. Thanks to you for this extra money." (Sgd.) L.W., Victoria.

"I was so excited when I received my cheque from you. Thank you for all you have done for me." (Sgd.) D.S., Thursday Island.

You can quickly learn by the simplest, easiest methods the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home. If it's extra money you need, here's your real opportunity.

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SEND NO MONEY.



Should women bar whistling as unfeminine?

IS whistling less dignified than singing? asks Mrs. Esther Hume (25/5/40). I don't know, but it is certainly less musical, and anything that offends the ear is rightly



Loses feminine charm.

frowned on, whether the perpetrator be masculine or feminine.

Certainly if a woman wants to whistle there's nothing to stop her doing so, but I think most women would hesitate before they annoyed others and made themselves ridiculous with this activity.

It would be as well to leave the whistling to small boys who, it appears, are tone deaf.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Better than song

WHISTLE by all means if it is your inclination to do so.

It will be less strain on the neighbors' ears than many a suburban soprano who shrieks while banging her carpets on the clothes-line.

Mrs. I. Calow, 9 Wales St., W. Brunswick, Vic.

Shows happiness

WHISTLING always has been indicative of happiness and a cheerful disposition.

If a person has to whistle to keep up her courage, surely even then the habit is doing her some good.

One of the women members of our Royal Family is known to be an excellent whistler, yet no one has more grace and dignity than she.

Mrs. J. Scott, Ann St., Brisbane.

Does our accent deserve harsh criticism?

WHAT is generally accepted as the Australian accent leaves much to be desired—G. Jackson, 25/5/40.

A great deal is being done in schools to correct this fault. In our State (S.A.) for many years a teacher has travelled from school to school training both teachers and scholars in voice culture.

The hindrance to complete success in this teaching is the home influence, where no regard for tone or production is shown.

Even admitting that many children could improve their quality of speech, we must own that there are many Australians who do speak beautifully.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

Typifies nation

WHY should we have our Australian "accent" toned down?

The southern American's lazy drawl, the Italian's rapid fluency, and the Englishman's precise, clipped utterances form part and parcel of their respective nationalities and personalities.

Why should we become slavish imitators of others? Let us speak well, but keep our accent! It identifies us as Australians and surely that is something of which to be proud!

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Learn at school

SOME effort is being made in our schools to teach children correct enunciation. But the fact must be borne in mind that children first learn to speak at home, and the

Why open letters meant for other persons?

WHETHER or not to open another person's letters should not be a problem, Mrs. Rogers (25/5/40), provided the address is quite clear.

To open a letter intended for



A breach of etiquette.

someone else shows a lack of respect for both the writer and the person for whom it is intended.

Also it takes away the pleasure that is felt from receiving one's own correspondence, which usually is handed over afterwards for husband or wife to read.

B. Berry, Flat 4, Bermuda, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Just curious

IT must be mere curiosity on the part of people who want to open another's mail.

I think that the person to whom the letter is addressed should be the first to open and read it, whether it be in the case of husband and wife or otherwise.

What pleasure is there in committing this breach of courtesy? Would that same person expect or appreciate his or her letters to arrive already opened?

Miss Rewa Whan, 2 Belmont St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Purely personal

TO open letters is a question of etiquette rather than trust.

No nice person would dream of opening or reading another's letter.

Even children's letters are personal; they should be permitted to open their own.

Mrs. Z. Jennings, Ellenborough St., Ipswich, Qld.

Is chivalry passing from men to women?

HAS the privilege of being chivalrous passed over from man to woman?

I notice that in a crowded tram or bus it is women who give up their seats to older women. Young men sit firmly (ignoring their duty).

I am young, so I neither require nor expect any man to stand up for me, but I refer to older women and women with children.

It is pitiable to see an elderly woman or one with a child in her arms trying to keep her feet in a swaying tram.

Chivalry is the birthright of every man, who should guard it jealously.

Lilian Ankerna, 27 Dunning Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.

habits of all those pre-school years have to be overcome by a teacher with forty or fifty children to teach.

Some children are even teased about being affected if they speak at home as they are taught to do at school.

If the parents set the example, the teachers might have more success in this phase of their work.

Mrs. M. Ethell, Lanigan St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Be natural

THE majority of Australians speak naturally, realising that affectation is neither necessary nor becoming.

Fortunately, our language is uniform all over the Commonwealth, in sharp contrast with England's variations in dialect; it is also relatively free from the harsh slang encountered frequently in the United States of America.

But do let us be natural, speak correctly, and keep our Australian tone, and, as we think highly of our standard of living, so let us think of our standard of voice and speaking.

Miss E. E. Miller, 16 Princess St., Liddon W11, Vic.

£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

HIDES IDENTITY

WHAT a minor menace we have in the community in the anonymous letter-writer.

Of course I do not mean the writer of truthful little episodes for the interest of others, but the despicable person who given vent to unreasonable dislikes by writing malicious letters to all sorts of people. Is this frequent and horrible display just another outlet for an inferiority complex, or the vicious reasoning of an unstable mind?

Mrs. P. Dowsett, 49 Cornbert St., Essendon W5, Vic.

SUITABLE NAMES

DURING the Great War children were given names that "date" them, as well as causing much amusement to others when at school.

To grow up burdened with names like Naryk, Oslo, and so on would be branding the unfortunate child for life. So parents should give a thought for the child who has to bear it.

Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

LACK OF RESPECT

IT is not unusual to hear children discuss the failings of adults, call persons many years their senior by Christian names, and generally exhibit a lack of respect for the older generation.

Most of this talk is derived from smatterings of table gossip.

It is hardly fair for adults to speak lightly of any person in the hearing of a child.

Mrs. G. Goater, Box 8, P.O., Dumbleyung, W.A.

COMPARE EXPENSE

CAN a man dress more cheaply than a woman?

Admittedly a man's initial expenses are heavy, but does not his outfit last longer and require less attention?

I think a woman is required to make purchases almost every other day if her frocking is to be up to date and her make-up fresh.

Miss M. P. Grant, Turn Turn, Enlo, Qld.

KINDERGARTEN FIGHTS 'FLU



YOUNGSTERS at Avoca School, Albert Road, Strathfield, get a rare treat these days—and don't they look healthier for it! A cup of hot Bonox during the morning sees to that. Teachers realise that kiddies need something to build up their resistance to 'flu germs, and Bonox is so delicious the youngsters love it. Bonox pours new strength and vitality straight into the bloodstream. So get some Bonox to-day for yourself—and for your family. Bonox is sold everywhere in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. sizes.

A Job for Jill

Continued from Page 42

SHE was standing with her father when she heard a woman's amused voice saying just behind her:

"Why, there's the kennel-maid!" A few seconds later, Kenneth stood in front of her, asking for a dance.

"I'm sorry, I'm full up," she said. "Then, to her astonishment, she saw her father and Kenneth shaking hands in a most friendly manner."

"So you know this client of mine, father?" she said in surprise.

"Of course I do. We've met several times at the headmaster's house."

"Schoolmaster," thought Jill, "Got it right at last!"

Her father had moved away, but Kenneth was still there.

"Do you never dance with your clients?" he asked.

"If they ask me before my programme is full," she said, "I might consider it."

"Dash it! I asked you to come with me, and you wouldn't."

"Couldn't,"

"So you are not Miss Cave," Kenneth went on.

"Trade name," Jill explained.

"Father's idea. Either because I am a cave girl or else cave owner."

Kenneth seemed to take warning suddenly and looked embarrassed. Jill turned and saw Adeline just behind her, looking incredibly lovely and pathetic in a white frock. With a smile, Jill quickly disappeared into the crowd and was soon claimed by a partner. She saw to it that Kenneth caught no more than a fleeting glimpse of her again that night.

Thinking it over, it was beyond Jill as to what she had done to deserve persecution which must have taken considerable trouble to arrange.

In a few days' time, a large travelling kennel arrived by railway carrier. One of Jill's staff took de-

livery of it, and then came to tell her. Earlier in the day, Jill had received a telegram from "Smith," asking her to board an Alsatian, and giving an address in a town twenty miles away.

Jill now opened the side of the kennel and inspected the dog. It was a poorly-bred Alsatian of the kind often seen guarding a farm-yard. One glance told her that the dog was very seriously ill. So she closed the kennel and went in at once to telephone for the vet. When he came, he diagnosed severe distemper with complications. He said the dog was highly infectious and dying.

As Jill was seeing the vet, into his car, Kenneth drove up. But she had to leave him abruptly to go indoors and telephone a telegram to the dog's owner saying that she could not receive distemper cases and that other arrangements must be made immediately.

WHEN she came out again she found Kenneth patiently waiting for her, and she told him the whole story.

By the next morning, Jill had received no reply to her telegram, and she had to send off another, saying that the dog had died. To this also there was no reply until the next day, when a typewritten letter arrived from "Smith," saying that the dog was well when despatched, and claiming damages from Jill for negligence.

Jill answered that it was impossible for the dog to have been well when sent off, and she enclosed a bill for the vet's fee and disposal of the dog's body.

The next letter said that legal pro-

ceedings were impending, and that an account of the incident had been sent to the local paper as a warning to other people.

During these few days, Kenneth had been over nearly every day after supper to ask how the affair was going. On hearing of the latest letter, he was extremely indignant, and asked if he might take the matter up and do some detective work himself on Jill's behalf.

"This is unbearable," he said. "I mean trying to do you down by sending an infectious dog into the kennels, and then threatening proceedings and writing to the paper."

"Smith, male or female, won't dare face a court," said Jill, "and the rest of it I can weather. It really doesn't matter."

"I dare say. It matters to me and it has got to stop. And I am going to find out who 'Smith' is. Will you give me the address? I will go over and beard him or her."

"I don't believe it is the real address," Jill pointed out. "You may not find anyone there."

"I shall find something out. It must lead to some clue. It's a serious matter, and it simply must be cleared up."

Feeling herself quite sure who it was, Jill wondered if Kenneth thought she suspected him of planning to wreck her business, by way of a prelude to matrimony. Surely he couldn't think her as silly as that. Why was he so anxious to investigate?

"I shouldn't, if I were you," said Jill seriously.

"Why not?"

"A cat can give a septic wound."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, you may get hurt in the scrimmage."

"Serves me right if I do. The address, please," and she gave it to him.

Kenneth did not come back to tell her the result of his researches for several days. Jill was not surprised. Then she had a telegram: "Offer sincere apologies and withdraw proceedings—Adeline Rimington."

Jill had suspected Adeline for a long time, but she had not been able to make out whether the attacks had any strategic aim, or were merely revenge for Kenneth's interest in her.

Jill had not wanted to spoil their friendship. But was it friendship that Adeline really wanted? She was unhappy, and she had seen in Kenneth a way of escape, or else she was merely bored and wanted an affair. Anyway, it was all over now. Having burnt his fingers, and probably thinking he had saved her kennels from ruin, Kenneth would probably avoid Jill in future. Again she was wrong.

The next Sunday morning Kenneth turned up again with Angus.

"Don't you like looking after anything except dogs?" he asked Jill, as soon as they were alone.

"I've never been interested in cats."

"No? By the way, you were right about the septic wound. I suppose

THE PATTERN

Dwell not on disappointments, for they come
So often in this world of stress and strife;
Their darkness throws the brightness in relief
Upon the pattern in the loom of Life.
Remember that no pattern would unfold
If all the threads were threads of shining gold.

—Elsie Pearson.

End Rheumatism

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Weakened, you fall prey to rheumatism. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC. Removing the basic cause of rheumatism by cleansing the colon of poisons, COLOSEPTIC then feeds your starved blood-stream with essential minerals. Strengthened, aflow with life, you quickly cast off rheumatic attacks. COLOSEPTIC, 2/6 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***



DASHING ACCENT for winter frocks—a cute little tricorn, designed by Patou in black fur felt and spiked with a gay phasant's quill.

I was a fool and asked for it. What I really meant was, wouldn't you like looking after a husband and say, two or three boys and, or, girls? Wouldn't marriage really be more worth while even than this?"

"That depends on the man."

"I was gently suggesting that you should marry me."

"And you think you are worth while my giving up this job, which is a success and which I love?"

"Or I could come and live in one of your kennels. Really, you know, I need looking after more than any of your dogs. I've shown you that, haven't I? And I love you more than any dog possibly could. You are not complete yet Jill. The kennel-maid must turn into a wife one day."

"I believe she must," Jill smiled.

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Drawn, tired skin can't take make-up well. Your skin must first be made firm and smooth . . . refreshed. So the first step to a perfect make-up is a rousing wash with Pearl's! For Pearl's tonic action tones up your skin and gives it that dewy freshness over which make-up looks so much lovelier.



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There is no waste with Pearl's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The water, massaged, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A. & F. PEARLS LIMITED.

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SINCLAIR LEWIS, famous American novelist whose new novel, "Bethel Merriday," deals with the stage.

E.V. Timms writes new type of wartime novel

Mystery, thrills, and delightful humor are his ingredients

There's nothing like versatility.

For example, Mr. E. V. Timms, after building a reputation for himself, in Australia and abroad, as writer of historical romances, now turns to humor.



Not content with that it is humor which has as a background all the entertainment essentials of the thriller and mystery novel.

THIS new novel, "James, How Dare You!" is the book in question. It will surprise the thousands who have followed his work up to date—surprise and please them.

Chief characters are James Colburn and his wife Elaine, impulsive, trouble old Peter Colburn, multi-millionaire father of James, Sir Francis Martindale, millionaire father of Elaine, the unbelievable Major Guntha ("Guns") Winterbottom, and a mingled crew of forerunners.

This is a wartime novel, and the conflict and fun arise from the apparent slackness of the six-foot, handsome James Colburn. Instead of doing his duty as an Englishman in helping fight the Nazi menace, he appears only to be interested in pacifist organizations.

Wife Elaine scorns him for this attitude, although still loving him. The domestic situation is not improved by her interest in refugee organizations—an interest which, to James' mind, brings her into far too frequent contact with gentlemen who may be harmless, but . . .

Fathers Peter and Francis are mainly interested in getting the young couple together again and, in Peter's case, pushing his son into active war work.

Fast and furious

THIS run is fast and furious. Much of it comes from the recurring clashes between Colburn, sen., and Jimmy's bosom friend, the Major.

"Guns" Winterbottom nearly sends the easily-aroused multi-millionaire into apoplectic seizures by his habit of holding up every discussion by telling complicated and impossible stories. Just as a sample:

"Oh frightfully," said the Major. Have you ever heard of the witches of Wychford, sir?"

"Peter and Sir Francis looked at each other. Peter rose to the bait.

"The which—the what?" he growled.

"The witches of Wychford, sir," "Peter was looking dangerous.

"Major Winterbottom, what the devil have the witches of Wychford got to do with this war?" he demanded.

"By gad, everything, sir. I suspect them of having started the war. There's the White Witch, the Black Witch, the Grey Witch, the Old Witch, and the Young Witch. We have never yet been able to determine which is the worst witch of the witches of Wychford, sir."

Which witch?

"WELL," barked Peter, "which is the worst witch of the witches of Wychford?"

"Which witch would you say was the worst witch of the witches of Wychford, sir?"

And so it goes on, rising to an incredible mixture of whimsies, witticisms and Wychford.

And there is, too, of course, the mad scene in which Peter and Sir Francis, calling to James' flat to expel the lovely Inez de Fuente, who has parked herself there, become victims of her charms and son James' excellent whisky. It is hard to say whether this scene of the successful tempting of two veterans or the picture of the same two next morning, writhing in the toils of a joint hangover, is the more ludicrous.

At the back of all this fooling is the more dramatic side of the story. This deals with Nazi espionage in England, and the efforts of the English secret service to combat it.

Taking it all round, Mr. Timms has marked out a new trail for himself. Plenty of authors have written humorous novels; an untallable number have written thrillers. Few have combined farce and adventure of this kind.

"James, How Dare You!" E. V. Timms. Angus & Robertson Ltd.



500 MILLION PEOPLE can't be WRONG about 'ASPRO' for COLDS & FLU

JUDGED from national standards the people living under the flags here illustrated can't be wrong about 'ASPRO.' For 'ASPRO' is an Australian product which has become world famous and is a regular home medicine with people of all nationalities.

There must be a reason for such world wide success. There must be an answer to the question: WHY HAS 'ASPRO' BEEN PROVED THE MOST USED MEDICINE THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT, FOR OVER 23 YEARS?

There is an answer—the claims made for 'ASPRO' are not mere advertising statements; they are proved facts. 'ASPRO' is a scientific medicine.

Chemists and analysts in the 'ASPRO' laboratories in New Zealand—Australia—England—France and South Africa are constantly collaborating to keep 'ASPRO' the Safest—Best—Surest and Quickest relief-giving medicine science can offer.

These are not words of plagiarism or figments of imagination. 'ASPRO' is still the world's Safest and Quickest relief from Colds—Flu—Headaches and all Nerve Pains.

'ASPRO' SMASHES COLDS & FLU in ONE NIGHT

Reports from all centres indicate that coughs, colds, sore throats and 'flu are on the increase. Be prepared to stamp them out by quick action with 'ASPRO.'

At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be relieved and the inflammation banished.

For a Feverish Cold or 'Flu' take three 'ASPRO' tablets at inception and two tablets every three hours until symptoms disappear. With the last dose when going to bed take a hot, stimulating drink—some people prefer lemon for the hot drink, some prefer whisky, while others mix the two.

'ASPRO' will not fail you. It brings quick and definite relief, and it has been proved that with 'ASPRO' there are no harmful after effects. When taking 'ASPRO' for Colds and 'Flu, keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill. Buy a packet today!



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9.224.52

Escape

Continued from Page 9

MARK heard a sparrowlike chirp of English, and suddenly he saw the Mink Coat. She was with a flock of girls and he looked around for the countess. She couldn't be far away. She's in town, too, he thought, with chagrin, remembering her invitation for tea in the country.

Presently he saw her, elbowing along in the crowd, talking to a woman beside her. He drew back so she wouldn't see him. Outside, her group of girls were waiting for her and she walked off with them. Mark, from idleness and some curiosity, followed them at a slight distance.

Suddenly the Mink Coat turned around and looked at him, and said something to another girl. He turned off abruptly and went down more narrow ways till he came again to Theatre Street. Here he walked along as far as the Palace Garden, where he decided to sit down at one of the tables in the sun.

He had no sooner ordered than he heard the sparrow voices again, and the countess and her girls came walking across the crunching gravel and sat at two tables nearby. They ordered coffee. It was very pleasant here. He had no intention of running away because of the countess.

She was much occupied anyway. A man and a woman had stopped to speak to her—a handsome couple, well-dressed and very blonde.

As he watched them, the countess suddenly looked across and their eyes met. A painful flicker, almost a look of horror, passed over her face. He was shocked that she should look like that on seeing him. Her dazzling friends noticed it, and some of the girls, who began to whisper among themselves. The countess smiled at once, a conventional smile, and murmured something, and Mark lifted himself a little from his chair and gravely raised his hat to her.

Now the blond young man was teasing her with a sly, gay, amorous smile, calling her—Mark could hear it—"dear, lovely Ruby." Mark turned around in his chair so as not to face them and stolidly drank his beer.

He heard the beautiful couple leave with many endearments. "It is a pity, darling," the woman said, "that you can't come. It would be wonderful."

Mark didn't turn and he refused to be forced away. He was paying for his beer when he heard them scraping their little iron chairs back on the gravel. Their shadows moved across him, each girl looking at the passed, and lastly the countess' shadow fell on him.

"Mr. Preysing," she said. He stood up and saw that she was looking at him apologetically.

"Isn't it a lovely morning?" she said.

"Lovely," he agreed.

"You came back to town sooner than you expected," she said.

"So did you," he reminded her.

"Oh, that was a mistake," she said. "When I asked you for tea, I had forgotten I was coming back yesterday."

He bowed his head slightly to show her that he accepted her explanation through indifference.

"Shall we walk a little?" she said.

He moved beside her and they dropped behind the girls.

Suddenly he said, "Why did you look at me with such horror just now?"

"Horror? Oh, surely you're mistaken."

"But I'm not. Even your handsome friends noticed it."

"They notice everything," she said; "even what isn't really there. I may have felt a little faint or ill for a moment, that's all. I am glad to see you again. It was just feather-headedness that made me forget I wouldn't be in the country yesterday. You, too, didn't tell me you were coming back. Let's both forgive each other, shall we?"

"If you wish."

She spoke with such real kindness that he felt stiff and foolish.

"I really wanted very much to talk to you again," she said. "I'm terribly shy, you know, and sometimes it makes me say the wrong things."

Mark was bewildered. He hadn't really expected ever to see her again. Suddenly here he was beside her. And she seemed quite different.

"So I want you to come and see me this afternoon," she said. "Will you? Then I'll know you've forgiven me."

"Of course I'll come. You're very kind to ask me. After all," he said, "perhaps you are taking a chance."

He couldn't quite forget that first look. "You don't really know anything about me."

"And you don't know anything about me," she said. "We may both be secret criminals." She smiled and the whole character of her face changed.

"What's this about criminals?" said the Mink Coat. "You aren't an escaped criminal, are you? What fun!"

"There's no crime allowed in this country," said the round-faced, spectacled one. "Didn't you know that? It's all too wonderful."

"We thought you looked like a film star," the Mink Coat said.

"Mamma and I on the train. Don't you remember?"

"Now really, girls," the countess murmured, "this is Mr. Preysing."

When he had about given her up, she appeared. He piloted her to the table in the back room and they ordered tea and cakes with chocolate and whipped cream.

"I haven't been in such luxury for a long time," he said, smiling.

"How adaptable you American women are! You always make the best countesses."

"I've been one such a long time," she said.

"How long?"

"You're much too direct, but I'll tell you," she said. "I was married in 1912, and I was seventeen. You see, that means I've lived here longer than anywhere, even with that time in New York."

she said to them, and to him, "Miss Barton and Miss Legendre."

The girls, who evidently looked on the appearance of a man from "home" as a minor miracle, were not going to be easily shaken off again. The four of them walked along together, the girls doing the talking. Mark saw an abstracted, irritated smile on the countess' face. Presently she stopped and pointed at the sunny, misty reaches of the English Garden.

"I live just a few streets farther on," she said; "Number Twenty, opposite Ohm Street, but on the Garden side." She held out her hand to him. "You shall sit in a Biedermeier chair and drink from my best Nymphenburg cup." He felt the girls' eyes break into a hungry sparkle.

"I wish you'd have tea with me," he said.

She looked startled and the girls drew back in disappointment.

"With you?" she said. "You mean in town?"

"Yes. Why not? Let me have the pleasure of giving you tea."

She considered this as though it were very important. "Why, I don't think I should," she said slowly.

A shabby old woman carrying a basket of fresh violets came and stood by them, looking from one to the other sadly. They both turned and looked down at the basket. He reached in and carefully picked out the largest bunch, handed the old woman a coin and held out the bunch to the countess. As she took it her fair skin flushed.

"How kind of you," she said.

"THEN you'll have tea with me? Tell me a good place to go."

This, too, she thought over anxiously. "The Carlton," she said.

"Do you know where it is?"

"I can find out. At five, say?"

He walked out, now sure of where he went. Then he sat down on a bench beside a loving couple, and looked at the little, clear river running under the willows. Something that was extraordinarily pleasant had broken his grim preoccupation. He wouldn't after all have to spend this day in lonely waiting. He was so grateful to the countess for her kindness that he forgot how, at first, he had disliked her and had thought her stupid and vague. He thought her more beautiful than he had realised. And he wanted to know much more about her.

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"How long?"

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"AND you're more at home here?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, I don't mean in all this, but in the country—"

"Down there in the mountains—is that where you mean?"

"No, we lived in the north. I've only been here since I came back. I have—friends here. Americans and foreigners like to come here, and, of course, I have to make my living now."

"Your girls are pretty lively," he said. "They must be fun."

"Yes, they're quite fun," she said vaguely, and she glanced again at two women coming in. She bowed to them, and they waved to her with surprised looks, as though it was unexpected to see her here.

Then he thought suddenly of the way the blond young man had looked at her, and it crossed his mind again that she might have a lover, and was nervous for fear he might come in and see her tele-a-tele with a strange man. He remembered again her first terrified and unexplained look in the English Garden. "He's probably a jealous devil," he thought agreeably.

She went on to tell him about her early life in this country and what it had meant to her to come into a world that was so soon to be wiped out, but of which she had had nearly two golden years.

She saw that time now as a nostalgic picture, flat and perfect, but still she had loved just as much what remained after the splendor and security were gone—simple things, she said, so small almost to speak of. She spoke a little of the war and the even more terrible after years, and the death of her husband, and how, little by little, she had lost the beloved estate. And now she had to live in town in a rented house. She spoke of how she had gone to New York to sell her jewels.

She told him about her love of music and how she thought she might become a singer. "But by that time I was too old."

He saw how difficult it was for her to live in the world to-day. She must be—he calculated quickly—forty-four, and she had realised sorrow and change by retreating into a narrower and narrower circle.

But what was her unknown fear? And why, now, was she here alone with him, talking, as though to kill time in preparation for something?

He began to think of her so intensely that he scarcely heard what she said.

"But you're not listening," she said suddenly.

"I am," he said. "I'm listening."

"I asked you if you'd like to go."

"Anywhere you say."

"I'm speaking of a concert to-night. Someone has given me two tickets. They are singing the Matthews Passion. Would you like to come?"

"I'd like nothing better. Shall we dine together first?"

"There's not time. It will begin at seven. Afterwards, if it doesn't last too long, we'll have supper somewhere." She took out a little watch from her bag. "It's after six," she said.

Please turn to Page 48

CRANKY GWENDA

Gwenda was pale, thin and cranky until . . .

YOU LEAVE MY DOLL ALONE!

SHE'S TERRIBLY CRANKY LATELY

LOOK, SHE'S HARDLY TOUCHED A THING

BETTER LET DOCTOR SWAIN HAVE A LOOK AT HER, NAN

DOCTOR SWAIN SAYS GWENDA A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

MRS GORDON, ALL THESE TROUBLES OF GWENDA'S CAN BE TRACED BACK TO NIGHT-STARVATION. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP

LOOK MUMMY, I'M DOING PEPPERS!

YOU WOULDN'T THINK SHE'S THE SAME GIRL, WOULD YOU?

THANKS TO HORLICKS

HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE-UP ENERGY. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP, THEN IT'S NO WONDER GWENDA BECOMES NERVOUS, CRANKY AND JUST PICKS AT HER FOOD. SHE NEEDS HORLICKS.

AND SO EVERY NIGHT

IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and becomes cranky and nervous, it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6, big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin of Horlicks, 2/.

HORLICKS AT BEDTIME GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is living in America. One night in a dark street he is waylaid and taken prisoner by agents of **AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES:** Who wants to marry the beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne. She loves Mandrake, but was being forced into marriage by her ambitious brother.

PRINCE SEGRID: However, following the advice of her father, the former **KING KARL:** She disappears. The Duke's agents suspect Mandrake and threaten to kill him. In desperation, he offers to take them to Narda. One of the desperadoes accompanies him to the house, and when the door is opened he is confronted with an illusion of Narda which Mandrake has created by means of hypnotism. **NOW READ ON.**



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

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NO Tubes NO Batteries NO Electricity
Weighs only 3 ozs. Long distance reception. Clear natural tone. No crystals to adjust, no switches. Can be used in Hotels, Boats, Beds, etc.; takes few seconds to connect to any radio. Price 4/6. RE-NU LTD., (Incl. Postage) 100, Richmond St., Melb. 75. Free sample and 10d. stamp, refundable first order.

Escape

Continued from Page 46

THEY sat on hard wooden chairs, the kind that are found in America in the old opera houses of small towns. A great many stood along the walls, and as he looked around he saw that it was an audience neither snob nor intellectual.

The countess took up her programme, studying it with complete absorption, and her attitude was like that of everyone else in the hall—childlike and tense with anticipation.

Somewhere in the middle of the second half his attention was caught by a man who was staring at him. He was among those standing against the wall—a tall young man, as far as he could see, shabby, in a coat with queer narrow shoulders and sleeves a little too short.

He wondered why the fellow had looked at him with such intensity, and for a moment he thought it might be someone following him. The young man had turned his eyes away as Mark looked at him, but he did not seem self-conscious. When he turned his eyes again in Mark's direction, he gave, suddenly, an eager smile and bobbed his head several times, managing, even in the crowd, to execute a stiff bow and heel clicking. Mark saw that he had saluted the countess. He thought, with annoyance: So she knows him, too.

When the music stopped, she didn't wait for the handclapping to be over, but got up hurriedly. But, as they had been close to the stage, they were caught in the crowd just the same. He moved behind her, holding both her elbows, but she said sharply, "It's not necessary, thanks. I can get along." He held her more lightly, but didn't let her go. As they came to the more spacious lobby, he freed her and she turned with an exclamation: "It's raining! How maddening!"

"We'll have to get a taxi," he said. "But there's such a crowd. We'll never get one!"

Then she looked at him and was startled by his face. Let her be, he thought. She's seen such faces before.

He took her arm and drew her

over to the wall. "We'll wait till the crowd thins," he said.

She let herself be drawn, and stood beside him, looking down. "I think," she said in a low voice, "that I won't want any supper. I think I'll just go home. If you'll call me a taxi I'd better leave you here."

"Certainly I'll call one," he said, "but I'll go with you. I can't let you go alone."

"I think it's better that I go alone," she said firmly.

"Then why did you come?" he said. He couldn't believe she meant it. But that was the usual stupid question. He wished he hadn't asked it.

She looked up at him, not angrily but gently. "I wanted to be friendly and to be kind," she said, her voice still low, "because I know why you're here."

At first he didn't know what she meant. Was "here" the concert? She clasped her gloved hands so tightly that the seams strained.

"The trouble is," she said hurriedly, "that others also know, and it's very dangerous for you."

He looked at her, stupefied, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, I know," she said, "how sad and how terrible it is, but you can't do anything—not anything. You must go home," she said. He couldn't speak, but she went on, her voice shaking with sympathy: "Please believe me that there is nothing you can possibly do, and you'll only get into fearful trouble yourself. You must go. Will you promise me you'll go?"

"I'd like to kill you," he said.

And suddenly here before them were the blond young couple of the Palace Garden. Here they came, waving their hands, their faces lighted with surprise and malice. "Why, darling!" the woman cried. "But you said you couldn't come! And you changed your mind! How exciting!"

"Wasn't it wonderful?" the man said. "I saw you all through the concert. I could see how you enjoyed it."

Escape

Mark didn't even hear their names. He heard the countless stammer as she made the presentations. Her face was all anxiety—anyone could see it, even through her smile.

"I was wondering if you'd give me a lift home," she said to them. "It will save Mr. Preysing from coming so far out of his way."

"Naturally — naturally!" they cried together.

Mark wanted to say, "Good night and thank you," but before he could take her hand or speak there was another interruption. The young man who had stood with the standees and had greeted her so eagerly, he, too, had found them.

He was making again his stiff, formal bow, and kissing her hand, and the countess, still a little distracted, said, "Why, Berthold! How nice to see you!"

This is Doctor Ditten," she said; and she said kindly, and as though privately, "You must come and have tea with me. (Oh, these invitations to tea!) I haven't seen you for so long."

"Our car is waiting, Ruby," the blond young man said, his gleaming, amused look now fixed on the doctor, "though I hate to take you away from so many admirers."

The doctor did not find this amusing, and he looked blankly at the young man. Mark said good-night and left them. He walked to the entrance and stood in the thinning crowd. It was still pouring. The countess he was saying to himself, he would scarcely think of afterwards. Maybe not at all.

SOMEONE touched him on the arm. "Excuse me, sir, but I have an umbrella. May I share it with you?"

Mark looked around into bright inquiring eyes. He'd forgotten the doctor already. "Thanks," he said. "Which way are you going?"

"I will go in your direction," the doctor said politely.

"That's very decent of you. I don't believe I have far to go." He gave the number of Theatre Street. They started off together. "These spring rains," the doctor said, "are very bad. It is dangerous to get wet and then not to dry out properly. So one catches severe and sometimes fatal colds."

"Yes, I suppose so," Mark agreed. It is certainly curious, he thought suddenly, that she should know about me. Who would tell her? Would it be Henning? Would it be that other fellow? Are they all discussing this thing among themselves?

"Did you enjoy the concert?"

"Oh, yes," Mark said, "very much. Magnificent music."

"Magnificent music indeed," the doctor agreed, "but not very good voices. Except for the Evangelist."

"Yes; they weren't good, as a matter of fact."

"Many of our best singers go abroad. Of course, they get paid a lot more there. It's natural they should."

"I expect they do." What did she mean about it being dangerous for me to be here? She exaggerates, of course. But still, I'll have to be careful. I certainly can't accomplish anything in jail.

"You are getting damp," the doctor said. "The umbrella isn't big enough. You must be sure to take a strong drink when you get home." He stopped suddenly and took hold of Mark's arm. "Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a drink now?" he said. "Very near us is a famous beer hall. Would you allow me to offer you a glass of beer?"

"I THINK it's an excellent idea," Mark agreed.

The beer hall was crowded, mostly with men, but a few women were scattered among them. As they came in, people at tables near the door gave them the party salute, and the doctor returned it absently.

The chairs they sat on were not comfortable; they had great wooden hearts for backs. Mark wished at once he hadn't accepted so quickly. He didn't like at all the atmosphere of the place, and the fellow would be boring. He would go into one of those earnest conversations in which he would conscientiously try to inform himself about the foreigner and his customs, or, worse still, he would try to inform the foreigner about himself and his customs.

At the other end of the hall a man began to sing to an accordion accompaniment. "For a little longer I'll forget again," Mark thought, "just for a little longer."

"Beer and music," he said; "all we need now is women."

"There will be no women," the doctor said seriously.

"Then we ought to have brought the countess."

"She would not come, perhaps, to a beer hall."

"Haven't you ever asked her?"

"Never."

"Try it sometime. I wouldn't be surprised if she took a maternal interest in you."

The doctor studied Mark's face to see if he meant what he said. For some reason—probably loneliness—it appeared he wanted to like him. "I think, perhaps, she does take such an interest in me," he said. "I have known her always and she is many years older than I. She couldn't take any other kind of interest."

"Ah, so?" said Mark, and suddenly he was trying not to be amused. Yes, he need not, perhaps, think of sorrow for a little longer.

"We come from the same place," the doctor said. "In the north. Our families were friends. Every Sunday afternoon in my childhood my father called on the countess. Sometimes I went along."

"You come from the north?"

"Yes. Formerly ours was a large family there, but in my youth it had already shrunk, and now there is only my uncle and myself. We are very well born," he said simply, "but I dropped the prefix. It means nothing to-day. I came here because of work. I was sent here, in fact. But you, have you known the countess long?"

"No, I met her in New York once, then again here. That's all. She's an American, of course. That gives us one thing in common."

"A great deal, I should think," the doctor said.

"Oh, I don't know," Mark said. "I was only thinking of the language. There are so many kinds of Americans. But the countess we can be proud of. She's a very beautiful woman."

The doctor considered this, puffing slowly on his pipe. "I should call her attractive," he said. "She is much too thin to be beautiful. She has a very serious anaemic condition, as you could guess to look at her. I have treated her for it from time to time this last year. No, I shouldn't call her beautiful, but I should certainly call her extremely attractive."

Please turn to Second Page, The Homemaker

DO YOUR LIPS

Speak of Love?

The tenderest words are sweeter when they fall from lips made soft and lovely with Michel. And yet words are not really necessary for such lips to speak of love. In the subtle, clinging perfume of Michel is the fragrance of romance. In Michel's resistance to wind, rain or shine, is the very spirit of faithfulness. Give your lips the beckoning beauty of Michel — and, despite the passing years, it will keep them young and supple for love. . . . In the seven lovely shades of Michel, there is one made specially for you—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry. Price 2/- each. Obtainable from Chemists and Stores.

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE



**BEFORE BEDTIME
START DRIVING OUT . . .
BRONCHITIS**

Sleep Sound All Night . . .

Enjoy a coughless night — sleep sound and awake refreshed — just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) before you go to bed — it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs — for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzingly cold Canada — and feel as good as ever again. It "acts like a flash" — and it's 2/3 of all chemists and stores.

As supplied to the Canadian Government — and to the Canadian Mounted Police — A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

THE HOMEMAKER

June 15, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Flourish with little care—

GUELDER ROSES...

● These flowering shrubs, which are very easy to grow, possess great beauty, some having fragrant flowers or producing showy fruits, while others are evergreen.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

GUELDER roses need no special cultivation and regular pruning is unnecessary. For these reasons they are ideal subjects for the shrubbery of the man who has little time to spend.

They belong to the extensive family known as viburnums, many of which are found wild in Europe, Asia, and North America.

While many of them prefer cold climates, or highlands, many of them do exceptionally well along the Australian coastal belts and tablelands. *Viburnum lantana* is a native of England and bears creamy-white flowers in October-November, which are afterwards followed by flattened heads of black fruit.

This variety does well on high mountainous country, but is not much good for the lowlands along the coast.

The common guelder rose, *viburnum opulus*, is also a native of England, and is one of the showiest of the family. In good soil it will grow to a height of 15 feet.

The flowers are creamy-white and have a rather unpleasant smell, but they are most ornamental in the garden, and last a long time when cut.

The flowers appear in October-November as a rule, but will also make a second crop in autumn, when they are followed by a heavy crop of rich scarlet fruits that later turn black.

Both varieties mentioned are deciduous, that is, they lose their leaves every year, but in each case the leaves color well before they fall.

There is also a variety that bears yellow berries, and one or two dwarf varieties, but these do not flower well in Australia.

Bears white flowers

ONE of the most popular of the guelder roses is known as *viburnum laurustinum*. It is a shapely bush that bears white flowers from late autumn to early spring, according to seasonal conditions.

It can be used to effect as an informal hedge, but will not withstand clipping or trimming.

Viburnum fragrans grows 6 to 12 feet high, and bears compact heads of fragrant pink flowers from leafless branches during winter. It prefers a cool climate and does not do well at sea-level.

Viburnum Carlesii comes to us from Korea, and is regarded by many flower-lovers as the choicest of all. It can be kept to a height of 3 to 4 feet by carefully pruning the leaders every year or two. The flowers appear in spring and are produced in clusters 2 to 3 inches across. They are waxy-white when they burst from pink buds, and are richly fragrant.

They do not like spring frosts, and flourish best in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth.

A large-growing evergreen variety of guelder rose is known as *viburnum japonicum*. It has glossy green leaves, white flowers, and red fruits, and is closely allied to *viburnum odoratissimum*.

That variety has glossy, leathery leaves, which turn red before falling off, although a true evergreen. The flowers are white and sweetly perfumed and the fruits red.

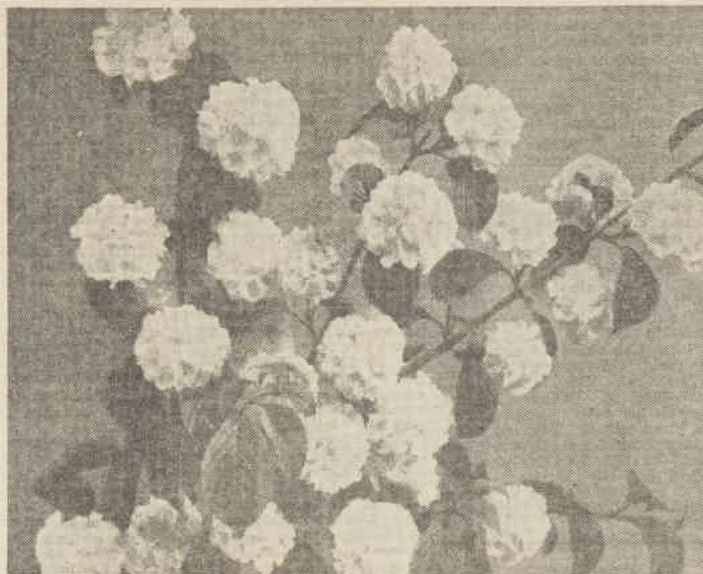
Viburnum plicatum, which is depicted on this page, is also a deciduous type, as is also the variety known as *macrocephalum*, or giant snowball tree.

Plicatum is always regarded by me as the finest of the sterile varieties and one of our best summer-flowering shrubs. There is another known as *v. Mariesii*, in which fertile and sterile flowers are intermixed in the flower heads.

One of the most robust evergreen viburnums is *rythidophyllum*. It has large, dark green leaves which are reddish underneath, creamy-white flowers, and red berries. The flowers are about 6 inches across, white, bold-looking, and mostly sterile.

Special mention must be made of *viburnum Burkwoodii*, which is a hybrid obtained by crossing *Carlesii* and the evergreen *v. utile*. It has evergreen leaves and fragrant pink flowers which fade to white when fully open in October.

Few of the guelder roses are difficult to cultivate. They thrive in any moderately rich garden soil, but many of them need protection.



GUELDER ROSES, exquisite creamy-white bloom of one of the shrubs of the viburnum family. Some varieties also produce showy fruits. Viburnums are ideal subjects for the home garden, because they need little attention and no regular pruning.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health factor; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1352E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Richer, thicker Suds—Rinso!

AH—NEW RINSO SUDS! I THOUGHT SO THE MINUTE I SAW YOUR SNOWY WHITES ON THE LINE!

YES—NOTHING BUT NEW RINSO FOR ME! THEY'RE THE RICHEST SUDS I EVER DID SEE—DIRT SIMPLY VANISHES!

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY RINSO WASHES SILKS, WOOLLIES...EVERYTHING!

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE COLOURED! RINSO KEEPS THEM CLEAR AND GAY AS NEW!

RINSO'S GRAND FOR WASHING-UP, TOO! KEEP AN EXTRA PACKET IN THE KITCHEN

Now the NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the BIG NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT.

Three cheers for thrifty New Rinso! It saves money . . . work . . . time, because these wonderful suds work harder and last longer. You need only Rinso for the whole wash, from beginning to end . . . shake it straight into the copper for the boil, use lukewarm Rinso suds for the rest. No extras to add! No hard rubbing!

4.33.37

HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION

ONE of the most serious results of the deficiency of Vitamin B in the modern diet is degeneration of the intestinal muscles. This leads to a condition of Chronic Indigestion.

By replacing the vitamins which modern food lacks, BEMAX recreates a condition in which healthy digestion is assured.

It has been proved that BEMAX by rebuilding weak and flabby intestinal muscles, produces a condition in which ENERGY and FITNESS replace debility and depression.

No other food can do all that BEMAX does, because no other food is so rich in vitamins.

**For Indigestion,
Constipation,
Nerves, Debility,
Loss of Appetite,
You're bound to benefit from**

BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD
The 8/9 tin from Chemists and Stores lasts a month.
Write for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to
B. Max (Dept. F28) I.P.O. Box 367955, Sydney.

4 Common figure faults Corrected instantly— with amazing new REDUCING CORSET

The New Contour Corset will Correct your Figure Faults Instantly—and massage away all Unwanted Fat from Thighs, Hips, Abdomen and Diaphragm. 3 Inches in 10 Days—5 Inches in 15 Days are reports received daily. The New Contour Corset is Made-To-Measure from a non-rubber Special Reducing Fabric that is Smooth, Light, Soft and Comfy. You'll never have a moment's discomfort in a New Contour Corset.



SPREADING HIP



BULGING DIAPHRAGM



FULL BACK TYPE



ROLL OVER TOP OF CORSET

New Contour Corsets are Made-To-Measure in our OWN Workrooms (the largest of their kind in Australia) and are Dependable to the last degree—Wearable for many months after other corsets are worn out and forgotten.

SENT ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

A BLISSFUL SENSATION

What a Blissful Sensation it is to wrap yourself in a New Contour Corset! How Thrilling it is to let your body surrender to the comfortable "feel" of this Gorgeous Garment! So kindly does it Reduce—So gently does it Support your figure—that you forget you have Hips, Thighs or an Abdomen. You are Always Relaxed—though firmly supported.

SAG-PROOF EDGES

You cannot wrinkle the edges of a New Contour Corset! Bend them, sit on them, they always fly back to their shape—it's because they are reinforced to prevent the slightest trace of sag.

A DUAL-PURPOSE GARMENT

A New Contour Corset not only makes it easy for you to Reduce by the amount you desire—but being especially designed for your requirements—it Glamourously Flatters the most uncontrollable figure—achieving a Sleek, Smooth, Second-Skin Fit—Fashionably Styled for Smartness and Perfectly Suited for Action.

NO MONEY NEEDED

You do not have to buy a New Contour Corset to test its many virtues. SEND YOUR WAIST, HIPS and THIGH MEASUREMENTS NOW—for We Want you TO WEAR one FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR Expense.

→ THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO.
NEW CONTOUR CORSETRY, 88A Dymock's Bldg.,
428 George Street, Sydney

Escape

Continued from Page 43

Mark bent over his beer a moment; then he couldn't resist it. He threw his head back and laughed.

The doctor, after an instant's surprise, joined him.

"I suppose she'd be amused," he said finally. "If she could hear us."

"She certainly would," Mark said. "Now we can't do less than drink to her."

They held up their glasses. When they put them down, they were empty. The doctor held up his hand to signal the waitress.

"This is on me," Mark said.

"No, no," the doctor insisted genially. "In my country I buy the beer." He ordered two more.

Mark suddenly found he was hungry. He began to eat the bread and cheese.

"You spoke just now of painting the countess," the doctor said. "Are you a painter by profession?"

"Yes. But it's difficult to be a painter to-day. Is it difficult to be a doctor?"

"I think it is difficult," the doctor said, "and perhaps what we both mean is that it's difficult to be a man. But that's always the case, isn't it? At any time and any place."

"Harder here now, I should think," Mark said. "If you mean a man of complete human wholeness."

"I do," the doctor said. "But I also question whether, just now, it's so important to be a man in that sense."

"What else is important? Isn't that what we all want?"

"In the end, yes. But at the moment other things must come first. What's important here and now isn't necessarily important tomorrow, just as it wasn't important yesterday. But there's one underlying value that at all times is constant, that is almost in the nature of time itself, and that one is survival. Do you agree?"

"Survival? As what? Surely as the creature with his human wholeness intact."

"Perhaps not intact. You may come out of the battle with a leg off. You may have to lose an eye, but the important thing is, you survive. Come now, admit that if you don't survive there's nothing left to talk about."

"WELL, no one wants to extinguish you."

"You say that, but they wanted to put us into a state where we wouldn't have lost one leg, but two, not one eye only, but two. Do you call that survival? It's a state that, in your great, rich country, you'd consider no better than extinction."

"You had a constitution and a republican government," Mark said.

"Yes, and even if I admit that they were desirable, who was willing to support us in them? No one. That brings me to the value of the moment. Our value here and now is union. He held up his hand. "You're about to tell me of the abuses that exist. Nevertheless, union is still our chance of survival. And eventually out of our union will come that human wholeness you spoke of."

"It's impossible to believe that it'll ever come through blind reaction, through cruelty, a calculated destruction of every human decency."

He said fiercely to himself, Shut up. Don't argue in this fake, academic detachment. People have said this over and over all they're black in the face. They've said it politely till their veins burst from restraint. What we want to say is: We loathe your filthy country and everything in it. And you want to say the same to us. We're on two sides of a wall. We can't even meet to have a glass of beer together. We should have known it.

But the doctor apparently was more capable of detachment than he. He looked meditatively at him, thinking slowly. "Machiavelli," he said, "says that unity is the goal of every political community. That's impossible when there is a continuous formation of parties. But if all parties can be united into one party under good laws, then the highest goal of mankind will follow—civil liberty."

"History isn't limited to politics," Mark said, impatiently. "Anyway, the proof of this pudding is in the eating. You're united now, aren't you? Where's your civil liberty?"

"Oh," the doctor said, "that'll come. Or I believe so. If I didn't believe it would come—"

T

THE doctor looked at him sadly, then he sighed. "Couldn't you conceive of living here?" he asked.

"Not for an instant."

The doctor took a drink of beer and set his glass down. "I don't think it's possible," he said, "for anyone to be more unhappy than I am."

Mark could hardly reconcile his sharp, bright voice with his words. But he wasn't really surprised. It was the doctor himself who seemed startled.

"This isn't really a very good place to talk, but I would like very much to talk some more," the doctor went on. "I have a little flat here, very tiny indeed, and one servant who cooks my meals. Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-morrow night?"

"I'd like to very much," Mark said. Well, that was done. He was never quick at saving himself. And after all, he knew that when he'd lived through another day here he'd even be glad to dine with the doctor.

"You know, what I miss most in all this," the doctor said, "is the freedom to talk. I like discussions. In my student days we discussed everything. Yes, everything, it's hard to remember it. Well, we'll have more talk to-morrow night."

He wrote his name and address, and gave it to Mark.

"Shall we go now?" Suddenly he said, with a little smile, "But do you know that all this time I don't know your name? That's funny, isn't it? The countess must have said it indistinctly. I noticed at the time she was upset about something."

"My name's Mark Preysing," Mark said. Then he stood up and added, "I haven't any card with me. I'm sorry."

"Preysing," the doctor repeated slowly as he got to his feet. His smile faded. He said, "That's very queer."

"Is it?" Mark asked.

He pushed his chair back. The doctor put his hands on the table and leaned forward, looking piercingly at him.

"Mark Preysing?" he asked urgently.

"What's the matter?"

"Sit down a moment," the doctor said.

"Well, he knows it too," Mark thought. "This is beginning to be a nightmare." He sat down and they looked at each other across the table in silence. The doctor felt in his pockets again. This time he brought out a little folded note.

"Are you Madame Emmy Ritter's son?"

"Yes," Mark said.

"Then this is for you." He handed him the note across the table.

To be continued

IT ISN'T USE THAT AGES A BATH

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

When you see your nice new bath becoming scratched and damaged, blame harsh cleaning! A delicate porcelain surface was never meant to be harshly scoured. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean, keeping a lustrous, easy-to-clean surface.



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

Smart and snug-fitting . . .

MAN'S PULLOVER

JUST what he needs, so knit it for him now. Choose a good, practical color and make it with or without sleeves. He'll appreciate a pullover like this for year-round wear.

YOU can make this pullover with long sleeves or without just as he prefers. For winter wear we suggest long sleeves, but the same design without the sleeves could be used for making several pullovers for wearing at other times of the year.

Materials Required: 9oz. Glenada Highland Mixtures, Shade J.5 (brown mixture); 6oz. are required for a sleeveless pullover; 1 pair No. 9 needles and 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles, pointed both ends.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting needles in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

Measurements: To fit 36-38 inch chest. Length from shoulder to hem, 20 inches. Sleeve seam, 20 inches.

Tension: 6 stitches to 1 inch, 8 rows to 1 inch, when pressed.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together.

Note: Work into back of all cast-on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 120 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. ** Work k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows, taking 2 tog. at each end of last row (118 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

1st and 3rd Rows: K 4, * p 2, k 4 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd and 4th Rows: P 4, * k 2, p 4 * repeat * to * to end.

5th Row: P.

6th Row: K. These 6 rows form pattern and are repeated throughout.

Repeat the pattern 11 times, then work first 4 rows of next pattern.

Work should measure 11 inches from cast on.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 12 rows ** (94 sts.).

Continue in pattern on 94 sts. until armholes measure 8½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Place remaining sts. on spare needle.

FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work exactly as given for back from ** to ** (94 sts. after armhole shaping).

Divide for neck. Pattern 45, k 2 tog. Work on these sts. only, placing the 47 sts. on spare needle.

*** Pattern 46.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on every alternate row until 24 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern on 24 sts. until armhole measures 8½ inches, measured straight up, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: * Cast off 6 sts. work to end. Work back. * Repeat * to * twice. Cast off ***.

Join yarn at centre to sts. left unworked and k 2 tog. pattern to end.

Work from *** to *** of 1st half.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

Cast on 64 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Work the 6 pattern rows twice.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of next and every 10th row until 84 sts. are on needle, working increased sts. into pattern. Increase 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 94 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 94 sts. until work measures 20 inches from cast on.

Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 64 sts. remain.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 36 sts. remain.

Cast off, taking 2 tog. at each end.

NECK RIBBING

Sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, commence at left shoulder, using 4 No. 12 needles pick up and k 68 sts. to centre-front, 68 sts. to right shoulder and 46 back sts. (182 sts.).

Working round and round stock-in-gate in k 1, p 1 rib, take 2 tog. each side of centre-front for 8 rows. Cast off in rib, using a No. 9 needle to ensure looseness, taking 2 tog. each side of centre-front as before.



COSY wintertime pullover for a man. Snug tailored lines and long sleeves make it smart and practical for general wear, or for sports. Instructions for knitting on this page.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with hot iron over damp cloth.

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.

Sleeveless. Using the 4 No. 12 needles, pick up and k sts. round armholes. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Cast off in rib, using No. 9 needles.

Press all seams.

To alter size, if necessary:

To enlarge, multiply the number of stitches required for one inch by the number of inches necessary for the extra width. Make sure that enough stitches are added for a complete pattern.

To make a smaller size, cast on as many fewer stitches as are required for one inch.

Armhole Shaping: If a larger garment is required, add half an inch on both back and front armhole shaping to the shoulder.

Do not forget to work the sleeve correspondingly larger when casting on.

For a smaller garment, reduce the length of the armhole shaping to shoulder by half an inch and make the sleeve correspondingly smaller.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6/- jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnell & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?

Since my dentist ordered it

Smiling lips look nicer when they reveal gleaming, pearly-white teeth—cleaned with Gibbs. So care for your mouth and teeth the sure, safe Gibbs way. Its refreshing, antiseptic foam penetrates into every crevice of the mouth, neutralising acids, killing germs, leaving teeth polished, safely clean—gums toned up and refreshed. Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/-, Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills . . 1/3

Write your name on your own tin!



37-37-32

HARSH LAXATIVES were turning her into an OLD woman!

MR. HALL fond of his wife but...

MRS. HALL married ten years, two children.

OR—ER, PNYL, I'M GOING OUT WITH SOME OF THE CHAPS IN THE OFFICE TONIGHT.

(THINKS) THAT'S AWFUL, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT—HE DOESN'T WANT MY COMPANY ANY MORE. WE'RE DRIFTING APART.

NEXT MORNING

UGH! SALTS AGAIN! BUT I MUST GET RELIEF SOMEHOW.

YES, THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE MRS. HALL. IT'S THIS DAY AFTER DAY USE OF SALTS THAT HAS WEAKENED YOUR SYSTEM... YOUR INTESTINES ARE LUMPY THED... AND IT SHOWS IN YOUR FACE, YOUR EYES, YOUR SKIN. MY ADVICE IS, START EATING "ALL-BRAN" EACH MORNING.

TWO MONTHS LATER

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, LATELY, PNYL? YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT ALL YOUR OLD SPARKLE AND LIFE BACK.

GOODNESS! IS THAT ME! LOOK AT THOSE LINES... MY EYES! PASTY SKIN! I WONDER... IS IT THIS AWFUL CONSTIPATION? I'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR.

THEN SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HERSELF IN THE MIRROR

If you are constipated—always taking strong laxatives and purges to make yourself regular—it's ten to one your food is to blame.

You see, our modern foods lack bulk. In fact, they get almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue of waste matter they form is too slight to make the bowels act . . . and so you get constipated . . . No amount of harsh purgatives or strong laxatives can give permanent relief. Moreover, their unrestricted use is harmful. What your system needs is "bulk"—the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky residue that the bowel muscles can easily "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. Do this every day, and you'll enjoy perfect daily "regularity". Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN



NOVELTY BIRTHDAY CAKE . . .

Wins first prize in this week's recipe competition

AS this weekly best recipe competition is open to everybody, let us have your recipes. They might be worth cash to you.

Every week we give first prize of £1 to the reader who sends in the best recipe. For every other recipe published we award a consolation prize of 2/6 each.

And all you have to do to compete in this fascinating best recipe competition is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address and forward to this office.

Simple, isn't it? Now try these prizewinning recipes from readers.

BATTLESHIP CAKE

(for boy's birthday party)

Cake is a marble mixture cut after baking into the shape of a model battleship. Or it can be baked in a kerosene tin cut diagonally across. The lengthwise corner becomes the keel of the boat. Cut ends, shape one to form nose of ship and round the other for stern. Support in the oven with two bricks.

● Made in the form of a battleship, iced with grey icing and suitably decorated, this cake is a reader's own idea, for which she has been awarded this week's first prize of £1.

Cake: One and a half pounds plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1lb. butter, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1lb. sugar, essence vanilla or lemon, 6 eggs, 1½ gills milk.

Cream butter and sifted sugar by hand, add well-beaten eggs, beat well together, add milk and essence, flour and baking powder. Divide mixture into three or more, leave one portion plain, color one pink with a few drops of cochineal, add the cocoa to another portion, and the other portions green and violet.

Place in tablespoons of each color in papered cake tin in moderate oven. Test with skewer at 1½ hours.

To Decorate: Brush cake over with white of egg, coat with almond icing and then with royal icing colored with a little blue and black coloring (obtainable from any chemist) to make battleship-grey. Lifebuoys are

peppermints with name of ship written on, rails are matches and string dipped in grey icing, masts are skewers with matches tacked across, wireless aerial is fuse wire. To make cannons roll thin cardboard, glue in place, and dip in grey icing. Or buy toy cannons and aeroplanes, sail-
 out, naval officers, boats, etc. Stand cake on sea of green coconut.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Gawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

STUFFED GRILLED STEAK

One pound rump steak, 1oz. butter, 3oz. mushrooms, salt and pepper, grilled halved tomatoes, 1 small peeled onion, 1 sprig tarragon, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, fried chipped potatoes, sprigs parsley.

Choose small mushrooms. Wash, dry and peel mushrooms. Chop mushrooms and onion very finely with the tarragon. Melt butter in

CALIFORNIAN APPLE PIE

Two cups grated apple, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup seeded raisins.

Mix all well together, and turn into a pastry-lined pie dish. Cover top with strips of pastry lattice fashion.

Place in a hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce the heat till mixture is firm in centre.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Roll up while hot. Unroll when cool, spread with mock cream and re-roll.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. R. Fraser, Glen Ayr, Blamhill Rd., Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

POLISH RINGS

Four egg-yolks, 1lb. sugar, 4-pint sour milk (or cream), pinch salt, a little flour (enough to make into a stiff dough), 1 teaspoon olive oil.

Mix yolks, sugar, salt, milk, oil and flour. Knead thoroughly, and roll out as thin as possible. Cut dough into long ribbon-like strips. Make a slit in each strip, and tuck one end through, giving a little twist. Fry in deep fat. They should be a pale yellow in color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. Freeman, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

HONEY LEMON PIE

One cup honey, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 lemons, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1½ cups milk.

Beat yolks of eggs well, stir in honey. Add flour, juice and rind (grated) of lemons, and melted butter. Mix thoroughly, then add milk. Pour mixture into pie plate. Prick to prevent air blisters. Bake until set. Cover with meringue made of the whites of the 3 eggs, beaten with 3 tablespoons honey and a squeeze of lemon. Return to oven to brown lightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. White, Willeroo, Tarago, N.S.W.

SOUTHPORT PUDDING

Four large tart apples, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, half a grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, good pinch salt, 4 eggs.

Paré and chop apples very small, mix with breadcrumbs. Beat eggs and sugar till very light, add to breadcrumbs and apple. Add salt, cinnamon and nutmeg, and mix carefully. Steam in mould for 3 hours. Serve hot with foamy sauce or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Smith, Cherside, Brisbane.

Keep the family well on **BOVRIL**



BOVRIL BUILDS UP RESERVES OF VITALITY

Keep fit and you'll keep happy. By its unique power to stimulate the vital digestive process, Bovril helps you to get full benefit from your food, and so maintains your energy and strength at the highest level.

COOKING MADE MORE TASTY

Bovril makes meals not only more nourishing, but ever so much nicer too. Add a little Bovril to soups and stews, in fact to all MEAT and savoury dishes—and see what a difference it makes.

DRINK BOVRIL DAILY FOR HEALTH AND VITALITY

STUFFED GRILLED STEAK, a delightful way of preparing this favorite cut of meat. On this page is a recipe for stuffing steak with a mixture of mushrooms, tomatoes, onion, and breadcrumbs.

In a small saucepan. Add mushrooms and onion. Fry for 5 minutes. Stir in salt. Add pepper to taste, and breadcrumbs. Mix well and leave till cold. Spread over steak. Fold steak and the securely with string. Grill till brown on both sides, then grill for about 10 minutes, turning every 2 or 3 minutes. Serve on a hot dish garnished with parsley, potato chips and tomatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

SAVORY PORK CHOPS

Three cups white breadcrumbs, 2 medium-sized onions (chopped), 1 dessertspoon sage, pepper and salt, 1 cooking apple (peeled and chopped), 1lb. pork chops.

Mix bread, onions, apple, sage and salt and pepper well together. Put into a casserole or meat tin and lay chops all over the mixture. If chops are very lean put little dabs of butter or dripping on each and bake in a moderate oven till nicely browned (about 1 hour).

This seasoning is also very nice spread on a boned breast of mutton, rolled and roasted.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Forst, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, Adelaide.

CREAMY SALAD DRESSING

Cook 1½ cups milk, 1½ tablespoons of cornflour in a double boiler until thickened. Then pour it into the following mixture: 3 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup vinegar.

Cook for a few minutes, then cool. Beat the whites of the 3 eggs until stiff and add to dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Jewell, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.



THE BATTLESHIP CAKE designed for a boy's birthday party. It is a marble cake mixture made in the form of a model ship and iced with grey icing. Novelty in the form of toy sailors, cannon, etc., add realistic touches.



STUFFED GRILLED STEAK, a delightful way of preparing this favorite cut of meat. On this page is a recipe for stuffing steak with a mixture of mushrooms, tomatoes, onion, and breadcrumbs.

CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL

Two eggs, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon warm water, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. flour (plain), 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Whisk eggs and salt, gradually add sugar, whisking till mixture is thick and creamy. Remove whisk, stir in sifted dry ingredients, mix lightly, add water, pour into tin.

Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

Make it hot for your cold in a Mustard Bath



No more sniffs and sneezes after a Mustard Bath. Colds that get into hot water (plus Keen's Mustard) just can't survive.

It doesn't take much to drown a cold. Two or three tablespoons of Keen's Mustard are sufficient. A foot bath, of course, needs less. And next time—take a Mustard Bath as soon as you feel a cold coming on.

Be sure it's KEEN'S Mustard

WINTER SOUPS . . . rich in food values

Serve soups plentifully in winter—the purees especially, for they are the most suitable at this time of the year.

The purees are regarded as winter soups. They should be served piping hot.

A rich stock forms the foundation of most purees. When dried peas, beans or lentils are added with the vegetables, cooked together until soft, then rubbed through a sieve and thickened, the result is a thick soup called a puree.

Soups containing these dried peas, beans and lentils are very nourishing indeed, for they are rich in body-building elements.

These soups offer, therefore, a most inexpensive way of serving a food rich in protein (the flesh-forming substance), and the thrifty housewife makes full use of such foods during cold winter months.

When stock is not used, milk, eggs and cream are substituted. These cream soups are very suitable for invalids, as they do not contain meat, yet are nourishing.

Soup Accessories: Soups may be served with many different accompaniments: Cheese sticks, pulled bread, fried croutons, and hot savory biscuits are suitable and are presented in small, attractive dishes.

Cheese Sticks: Take 2 slices bread, cut into long narrow strips, spread with butter, then a thick coating of grated cheese. Brown slowly in a moderate oven. Serve with any puree soup.

LENTIL AND TOMATO PUREE (A Meatless Soup)

Six ounces lentils, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1oz. butter or dripping, 2 large onions, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 diced carrot, 1 sprig parsley, cheese sticks, or fried croutons, and whipped savory cream to garnish.

Rinse lentils in a strainer under cold-water tap. Place in basin, cover with cold water and soak overnight. Peel and slice onions, cut up tomatoes.

Melt butter or dripping in saucepan, add onions and carrot and cook slowly for 10 minutes, shaking frequently. Add lentils, tomatoes, parsley, salt and pepper, and 1 quart water (or stock if preferred), bring to boil and simmer gently 1½-2 hours. Rub through a sieve or colander. Reheat and thicken with blended flour, stir in the grated cheese. Serve at once, and place 1 dessertspoon savory cream in each coupe. The cheese sticks are served separately in small bowls.

SOUP MAIGRE WITH GREEN PEAS

One pound potatoes, 1 onion, 1 head celery, 1 quart water, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 parsnip, 1 turnip, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or dripping, 1 teaspoon sugar, cooked green peas to garnish. Fried croutons served separately.

Wash and dry vegetables, peel and cut up roughly, make butter hot, add vegetables and stir until they steam, in an enamel saucepan, add sugar, salt and water, boil gently 1 hour. Rub through a sieve or colander, return to saucepan with milk, thicken with flour, mixed with a little water, boil 3 minutes, season with pepper and salt. Have peas cooked in usual way and serve in the soup as a garnish. Fried croutons served in a separate dish.

CARROT CREAM SOUP

One bunch carrots, 1 small piece onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 sprig each of parsley and thyme, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon each sugar and salt, 1½ pints veal stock, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 table-

SOUP is ideal fare for winter-time meals . . . When cold winds blow chill and June rain soaks the feet, the mere thought of a bowl of rich, steaming puree, appetising and body-warming, is enough to bring the family home extra early . . .

By
MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.

spoons cream, croutons of fried bread.

Wash, scrape, and cut carrots into small pieces. Mince onion finely. Melt butter in saucepan, add vegetables and stir until well heated and steaming. Add seasonings and stock, and simmer for 1½ hours. Rub vegetables through a sieve. Add flour blended with a little water. Stir till boiling and cook 3 minutes. Add cream, and do not boil again or it will curdle. Serve with fried croutons.

OXTAIL SOUP

One oxtail, 5 pints water, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, 2 strips celery, 2oz. butter, bacon bones, 1 bunch herbs, 12 peppercorns, 3 cloves, salt and pepper to flavor, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 small glass sherry.

Cut tail into small joints, put into saucepan, cover with cold water, boil up and strain. Dry pieces of oxtail, roll them in flour, put them with the sliced vegetables and butter into a saucepan and fry till brown. Then add stock, herbs, peppercorns, cloves, salt, and bacon bones, boil, and skim well. Put lid on and cook gently about 4 hours. Strain, remove fat, return to saucepan, and when soup boils add cornflour and sherry mixed together. Stir and cook for 3 minutes. Serve small pieces of oxtail in the soup.

The remainder may be heated in a brown sauce, and served as an entrée.

NORWEGIAN FRUIT SOUP (with Cinnamon Fingers)

One small tin or bottle gooseberries, 3 inches stick cinnamon, 1 quart water, 1oz. arrowroot, 1½oz. sugar, rind 1 lemon.

Put gooseberries, rind, water, and cinnamon into saucepan. Simmer for 1 hour. Remove cinnamon and rub through a hair sieve. Boil soup, mix sugar and arrowroot with a little cold water. Add to soup and boil 3 minutes. Serve very hot.

Cinnamon Fingers: Take 1 egg, 1½ gills milk, 2 teaspoons castor sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 slices stale bread, deep frying fat.

Beat egg, add milk. Cut bread into fingers and soak for 10 minutes in milk and egg. Heat fat till it fumes. Put in the fingers, and fry for 3 minutes. Remove with a fish slice, drain on paper, and toss in sugar and cinnamon. Serve on a paper d'oyley in a small bowl.

VEAL AND SAGO SOUP

Two and a half pounds cut of veal, chopped, 3 quarts cold water, 1 lb. sago or tapioca, 2 cups scalded milk, 4 egg-yolks slightly beaten, salt and pepper.

Pick over veal and remove particles of fat. Cover meat with water, bring slowly to boiling point, simmer 2 hours, skimming occasionally; strain and reheat. Soak sago 1 hour in enough cold water to cover, stir into hot stock, boil 30 minutes and add milk. Pour mixture slowly on egg-yolks. Season with salt and pepper.

APPLE SOUP

One pound sour apples, 1 glass white wine, 5ozs. sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. currants, cornflour. Cut up apples finely, cook with grated lemon rind, and when soft pass through a sieve. Add enough water and cook with sultanas, currants and sugar. Thicken with a little cornflour cooked in 1oz. butter. Serve with little sticks of salted fried bread.

FROM THE CONTINENT

FRENCH BROWN SOUP

Brown two finely-chopped onions in butter. Add two to three tablespoons flour and allow to brown in the butter, then carefully add 1 quart of water or stock and allow to simmer until cooked, then season. At the last moment roughly beat in two eggs, add chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon of vinegar. If liked, also add 1 glass red wine and 2 tablespoons of cream.



LENTIL AND TOMATO PUREE

A rich and very delicious soup. Besides being highly nourishing, its bright color gives it eye-appeal, which is half the battle when young appetites are finicky. Recipe for making is on this page.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Five pints stock, 1 apple, 1 onion, juice half lemon, 1½oz. flour, 1½oz. curry powder, 1½oz. butter or dripping, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 lb. boiled rice.

Prepare and cut apple and onion roughly. Make fat hot and fry them for 5 minutes, add curry powder, chutney and lemon juice, and fry gently 10 minutes longer, then sprinkle in the dry flour. Add

stock (which has been previously skimmed), stir till it boils, and then simmer gently for 1 hour. Rub through a sieve, return to saucepan, and reheat. Have rice carefully boiled, and serve in the soup.

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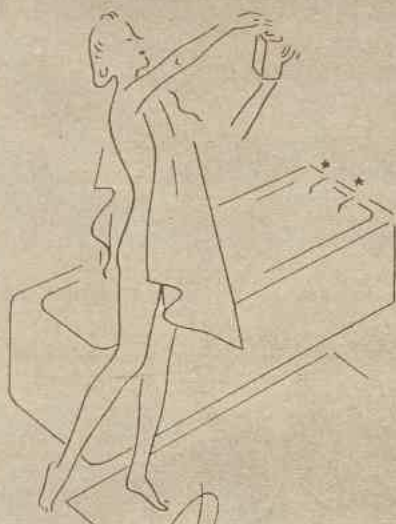
[WHAT MY PATIENTS
ASK ME . . . By a Doctor]

Carbon Monoxide headache

PATIENT: Doctor, I am doing office work in a garage all day, and I can't do my work properly because of a persistent headache. I can't afford to give up work, so what can I do about it? Do you think the atmosphere of the garage would be the cause?

DOCTOR: In a case like this, where the patient appears to be quite healthy normally, it is possible that working conditions are to blame.

This patient also found that



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A1-40



drowsiness, a constant sick feeling, and sometimes a weakness in the muscles accompanied her prolonged headaches.

These symptoms, coupled with the fact that she worked at a desk all day in a small cubicle in a badly-ventilated garage, made it obvious that she was suffering from mild carbon monoxide poisoning.

Her manner of earning her living was at the root of the trouble, and unless she changed her work, or the conditions under which she worked were improved, the headaches would persist.

The menace of carbon monoxide poisoning is far more common than most people realise.

Carbon monoxide is a colorless, tasteless gas which is approximately as heavy as air.

No warning given

THIS means that it neither rises to the ceiling nor sinks to the floor, but remains diffused throughout the air. Because it has neither taste nor smell and does not disperse, it is doubly dangerous—it can creep insidiously on a person before he is aware of it.

The greatest danger of this gas, as far as most people are concerned, is in relation to the exhaust fumes of motor cars.

Fumes from a single motor car can make a small garage deadly within five minutes of the closing of the doors.

Even the common practice of "warming up" an engine on a cold morning can be dangerous if it is done with the garage doors closed. Open the doors for safety.

Most people seem to think that before they could be overcome by gas they would have some warning. In that they are wrong.

It cannot be stated too often that carbon monoxide gives no warning of its attack, and the first sign of

WHEN TRAVELLING in a closed car, however cold the day, keep the windows open sufficiently to ensure ventilation.

its onset is a paralysing weakness that makes its victim helpless.

Recently there was a case when a truck-driver "fell asleep," as he said later, at the wheel and crashed into a tree.

Really the man was a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning. There was a small gap in the floorboards of his enclosed cabin, the day was cold, and he had the windows and ventilators closed.

Before he was aware of the fact sufficient of the gas had escaped into the cabin and he came under its influence without knowing.

Fortunately, cases like this are rare. They occur only in outmoded vehicles where long wear and tear might allow gas to seep through to the interior.

Mild gas poisoning can cause persistent headaches and damage the general health. Acute monoxide poisoning is frequently fatal.

If you drive a car, if you work in your own garage at home or if you are employed in one, or in any place where there is danger from monoxide poisoning, it is as well for you to know how to recognise and deal with a case of acute carbon monoxide poisoning.

The typical pink color of the victim's face in such cases will help you to suspect the source of trouble. The first thing to do is stop the source of the gas, if possible, and get the patient into fresh air.

Start applying artificial respiration immediately, as you would in a case of drowning.

A doctor will be able to administer a mixture of oxygen and carbon dioxide to stimulate the lungs, but the main thing for a layman to worry about is to see that the victim's respiration is restored as soon as possible.

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**DAY AND NIGHT
USE POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK**

A1-12

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The child who won't eat

FEEDING difficulties are experienced with some babies from the first days of life, but some do not become "finicky" or difficult feeders until they reach what is known as the "transitional" stage in feeding.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by the Australian Mothercraft Service Bureau, and any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Lampshade and Hearthbrush

FASCINATING accessories for your living-room created in raffia and rope. You can make them both yourself and, at the same time, fill in pleasantly some winter evenings at home. Here are the instructions.

RAFFIA can be bought in such glowing colors that you could choose several shades to harmonise together and fit in with the color scheme of your living-room.

The lampshade and brush in the picture were made with natural-colored raffia as the background to throw up the brilliant magenta and emerald-green of the little faggots or bows on the shade and of the bands on the brush.

Materials required:

Wire lampshade frame.
About 12 inches to 15 inches of heavy rope, 1 inch or more in diameter.

One hank of natural or colored raffia.

Two small hanks of vividly contrasting raffia.

To make the hearthbrush, take the 15-inch piece of rope and bind round one end of it tightly several times and tie to prevent from unwinding, leaving a very short tuft above the binding.

Now bind the other end several times and tie 6 inches from the base, to form the bristles of the brush.

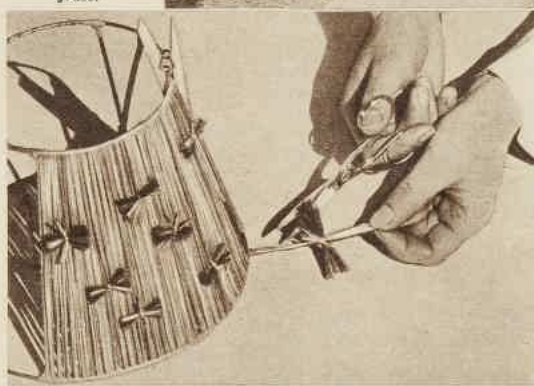
These are made by unravelling the rope and fraying it out. An old fork makes an excellent comb for this purpose.

Next make the loop for hanging the brush. This is 7 inches long and is made by forming a substantial plait or twist of all three colored raffias used, and leaving about 3 inches space at each end with which to bind it to the handle of the brush.

When the twist is made, bend it over the head of the handle to form a loop.

Then take whichever shade of raffia you have selected for starting your rings of color, and, holding the ends of the loop to the sides of the handle, bind them to it very firmly

THE FINISHED LAMPSHADE in natural raffia with faggots in magenta and green. The light shining through this shade gives the attractive effect of sunlight filtering through grass.



LITTLE FAGGOTS in bright colors to contrast with the natural-colored background are used to decorate the shade. Note the spring clothes-peg which is used for holding the raffia in place on the frame.

and thickly at first, and then evenly down the handle.

You will find that one strand of raffia will give you sufficient for one ring of color, which will be about 1 inch wide.

Change to the next color by overlapping the first, and so on until you get to the head of the brush.

For binding the handle select strong, broad pieces of raffia, as these lie flatter.

For your last band of color use two or three strands of the raffia,

according to their thickness, so as to make a good strong finish.

Take the binding over the head of the brush: and when a foot from the end of the strands make a knot and divide the ends into two, as you would for bandaging a hand or finger, and bind them round in opposite directions several times.

Then tie them together firmly with a reef knot and tuck the ends in under the binding so as to make a really neat job.

The brush could well be made of a shorter piece of rope, but 15 inches is a handy length, as it does not involve a great deal of stooping to use it.

To make the lampshade, start by binding all the wirework with the natural-colored raffia, fasten a piece edges of each bind just overlap.

To make the cover, still using the natural-colored raffia fasten a piece to the frame by laying a short end along the top circle next to one of the uprights and binding it down with itself.

Binding the shade

HAVING made it secure, take the strand to the bottom of the shade, bind twice round the bottom circle so as to hold it taut, and up again to the top, bind twice and down, and so on round the whole shade.

When the end of a strand of raffia is reached, tie the next one to it with a firm reef knot, leaving spare ends from 1 inch to 2 inches long for tying on the little faggots of colored raffia.

These are made by selecting a strand each of the magenta and emerald-green and binding them together round two fingers about three times.

The bundle is then placed with its centre over the reef knot and tied down on to it with another reef knot made from the spare ends. Cut and fray the ends of the bundle and you have your faggots.

These faggots should be made as the work proceeds. A spring clothes-peg will hold the raffia taut at the top of the frame while the joins and faggots are being made.

Owing to the shape of the frame the circle at the top is smaller than that at the bottom, so that the raffia must be bound closely together at the top and spaced at the bottom rim in order that the strands may fall vertically.



THIS PICTURE shows how the hearthbrush is made. A piece of rope an inch or more thick is frayed at one end to form the brush part and then tied securely. The handle is bound with colored raffia, magenta and green, as shown here.



THE COMPLETED hearthbrush, which is 15 inches long. The loop at the top is also made of raffia to match the colored bindings on the handle. If desired, you can make the brush shorter, but the full size proves a more convenient length.

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